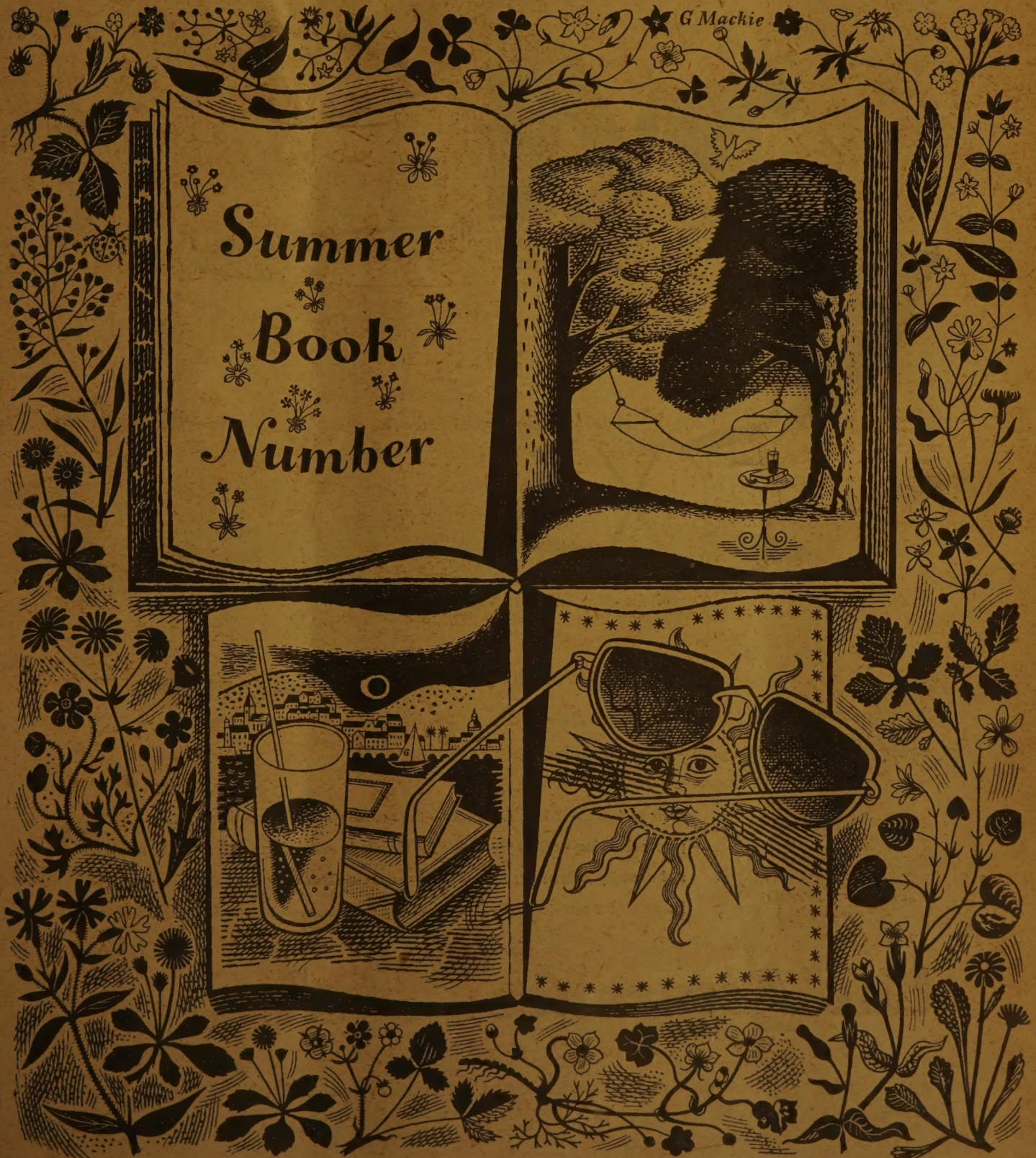


The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England





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The Listener

Vol. LV. No. 1420

Thursday June 14 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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How to Cure Inflation: a New Approach

By A. J. BROWN

SINCE 1946 the average rate of increase in the cost of living has been about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year. At that rate, prices would double in about twenty years. A rate of inflation as high as that causes great anxiety and hardship to people with fixed incomes—even if their incomes are fixed only temporarily—and if it comes to be accepted as a normal thing it makes hay of the incentives to saving, on which we depend both for our economic development and for the control of inflation itself. So we certainly have a big problem here.

The conventional ways of tackling inflation all depend on trying to limit the spending that people or organisations do out of their existing incomes, or with money that they borrow. This can be done by taxing them, so that they have not so much money to spend; or by making borrowing more difficult; or simply by reducing the expenditure of the various departments and other bodies that are under the direct control of the Government. It can also be done, in some degree, by persuading people to hold securities instead of money, and by reducing the market prices of the securities that people are already holding. Having a great deal of ready money lying about or having securities that have risen in value is apt to tempt people to spend more.

All these conventional methods have been used in the last year. It is too soon yet to say just how effective they are. There is little sign so far that less is being spent by consumers out of their incomes. The indications are that borrowing has been much more definitely affected—both hire-purchase borrowing and borrowing by firms for extensions of plant, and so on. It looks as if the

growth of industrial production may have been checked; in other words, the measures taken may have gone some way towards starting a little slump, which is what similar measures are generally supposed to have done in the past.

This is unpleasant in itself. It obviously is not a good thing to check the growth of the national output, which in any case has been growing a good deal more slowly than American or German or Russian output. And if increased unemployment results (there is already some increase in short time) that is bad in itself. But the question is whether these unpleasant things are effective and necessary for checking the rise of prices. If they are, then we may judge that they are worth while.

The effectiveness of conventional measures depends on there being a rather close relation between expenditure and prices: that is to say, on a small reduction in expenditure making an appreciable difference to the level of prices. Some economists—including me—think that nowadays, in this country and a good many others, prices are not very sensitive to changes in expenditure. To a large extent, though not entirely, prices of finished goods seem to be based fairly firmly upon costs of production. That means that (apart from changes in the efficiency of production) they are related to wage and salary rates and to the prices of the raw materials we import. So we then have to ask whether wages, salaries, and raw material prices respond at all easily to changes in expenditure, such as the present anti-inflationary policy is aimed to bring about.

The prices of raw materials are formed in most cases in a world market in which we, in this country, are responsible for only a

fraction of the total demand. So a credit squeeze, or the cutting of government expenditure in this country will not necessarily have much effect on them; much more will depend on what is happening in the United States and other countries that buy in the same world markets.

The two obvious points about wages and salaries, in modern conditions, are that they are rather 'sticky'—they are fixed by negotiation or contract for considerable periods at a time—and that it is nearly impossible to reduce them. In fact, they keep on rising because of the way our collective bargaining machinery works. Suppose that one important group of wage or salary earners has an increase because there is an increase in demand for its particular kind of service, or for some other straightforward economic reason. This increase will set off demands for other increases elsewhere; partly because differentials between one occupation and another are considered to some extent sacred, and partly because the first increase will probably have raised the cost of living, and standards of living are considered sacred, too. The economic forces which are always working to modify the wage and salary structure—to alter the differentials—tend, through our present system, to make for a continual rise in the general level of wages and salaries.

So, since a reduction in spending in this country cannot quickly reduce either raw material prices or wages and salaries, all it can do is reduce the amount of goods and services bought. Soon this will reduce the amount produced, and so, before long, it is likely to cause unemployment, and idle capacity.

All that is admitted, in a large degree, by people who advocate the present conventional policy. But they would go on to say that, even if prices, wages, and salaries are not quickly responsive to changes in our expenditure, they will be responsive in the rather longer run. With more unemployment, they would say, trade unions will be a good deal less active in demanding higher wages, and employers will not hold on to more labour than they really need, nor will they compete for labour by paying more than union rates. And, if goods are harder to sell, employers will be much less willing to give in to demands for wage increases. I agree that there is something in these arguments, but the question is, how much? How much unemployment does it take to stop the tendency for wages and salaries to rise faster than output? My estimate is that it would take a good deal of unemployment; not just an increase from 1 per cent. to 2 per cent. of the insured population, but a good part of the way up to the pre-war level of 10 per cent. That is, in my judgement, much more than we would stand, and much more than the benefits would be worth. That is why I think it is so important to look for an alternative approach to the problem of curing inflation.

Difficulties of Price Control

One alternative approach that is favoured in some quarters is through control of prices. I doubt whether we can hope for much from that. For one thing, although price control is sometimes necessary in an emergency, when the Government is controlling all sorts of other things as well, it is difficult to work well in peace time, as we found a few years ago. For another thing, we cannot hold prices down for long if costs are rising, and the evidence seems to show that, with full employment, wage-costs will drift upwards even when the cost of living is stable—though they rise much faster if the cost of living is rising too. It might be worth while giving subsidies to keep down the prices of our imports, as we did during and just after the war, if we thought that the rise in the world prices of those imports was only temporary, as it was in the Korean war boom, for instance. But that is another matter with which I cannot deal here. For the reasons I have given, I doubt whether price control can do much for us in present circumstances.

That leaves us with wages and salaries as the things we have to cope with. And the obvious conclusion is that we need a policy to keep the total increase in the wage and salary bill each year (or even over a number of years) within the value of the increase in

output. If we could do this, we should have increases in the general level of prices only to the extent that the costs of our imports went up, or to the extent that profits were allowed to increase. We should have gone most of the way towards solving the problem.

But, obviously, that is not at all easy to achieve, in this country at least. In Holland, they have such a policy, developed out of war-time wage-control. Collective agreements are negotiated in particular industries, but the agreed pay increases are then screened—put in an order of priority—by a central committee of workers' and employers' representatives. Which increases shall be granted is finally settled by a Board of Conciliators in the light of this screening and in the light of government directives. This system seems to have worked well, especially if one remembers that Dutch costs are even more dependent on world prices, outside their control than ours are. Obviously we could not simply imitate them; our trade-union movement and other circumstances are different from theirs; but I suggest that we should study their experience.

An Idea from Sweden

The other country where these matters have been actively discussed is Sweden. A proposal which has cropped up twice in the last four years is that the Government should use, or threaten to use, its control of taxation to influence wage bargaining. It should announce in advance that, if the total amount of wage and salary increases in a year exceeds the value of the increase in output, it will raise purchase tax enough to cover the difference. This would prevent wage and salary earners as a whole from getting much benefit from their pay increases, and would make it harder for firms to sell their goods at an increased price. This, again, is not a system that one would expect to work as well in British conditions. The chief trouble would probably be that there is no central body here on the trade-union side that vets or co-ordinates the wage demands by the various unions. The bodies that negotiate here have little influence, individually, over what happens to the cost of living. It is only collectively that they have an important effect on it, and they do not negotiate collectively. The first essential for any wages policy is that we should bring together the people responsible for the wage claims, or the provisional wage agreements, so that they can face the consequences of their proposals. I see no reason why we should not do that in a way that leaves the initiative in negotiation with the individual unions, as now; the Dutch plan seems to give us a hint there.

If we get so far, I think we can pick up a hint from the Swedish discussions, too. I have been arguing as though the trouble all came from the raising of wages and salaries, and none of it from the raising of profits. That is not so. I should think that an essential condition of a wage policy is that there should be a profits policy as well. I do not think that it is practicable in general to use price control for this purpose, but we could use taxation. Once the wage and salary bill is fixed in line with output, profits depend on the general level of demand, which it is the business of conventional monetary and budgetary policy to look after. But it might help to reassure wage and salary earners if there were an undertaking that accidental excesses of total profits, above the planned level, would be recovered, or partly recovered, by taxation. In the same way it might reassure enterprise if accidental deficits of aggregate profits below the planned level were to be restored, or partly restored, by planning for bigger profits, or taxing profits rather more lightly, in succeeding years.

All this implies that the proper absolute and relative sizes of wages, salaries, and profits should be much more openly discussed and deliberately planned in future than is the case now. But it is not as if we now leave these things to be settled by the market mechanism in an impersonal way; in fact we negotiate about them piecemeal and get inflation as a result. We have to face the necessity of doing the job properly, and what I have been saying is meant only as first thoughts about how we might do it.

—North of England Home Service

Colonel Nasser and the Future of Egypt

By SIR RALPH STEVENSON

EVER since Britain occupied Egypt in 1882, Anglo-Egyptian relations have been made more difficult by too much emotion on both sides. This was probably inevitable from the beginning with growing nationalism in Egypt and a well-meaning but perhaps too paternal—not to say patronising—approach on our part. But the result has been frustration for the Egyptians and irritation for us. We tend to be disappointed and resentful at Egyptian reactions and they on their side deplore our lack of sympathy for their aspirations and continue to blame us for all the ills from which Egypt, and indeed the Middle East, are suffering.

Although Egypt was declared an independent sovereign state in 1922, it was not in fact until 1936 that she was freed from the servitudes remaining from the capitulatory regime and from the period of British tutelage. She became then independent in every sense of the word; though subsequently Egyptian nationalists denied this, conveniently forgetting their own free acceptance of British military aid in defending the Suez Canal and their jubilation at what they themselves called at the time the termination of the British occupation. Yet British troops did remain on Egyptian soil and as time went on this became increasingly irksome. Moreover the administration of the Sudan remained in British hands. This was regarded by Egyptian nationalists as a foreign occupation of Egyptian territory (though that description of the Sudan was certainly not accepted by the Sudanese themselves). Nevertheless, in the second world war, Egypt carried out her treaty obligations and did all that we asked of her. But ultra-nationalist feeling was still there, for when Egypt came out openly on the side of the Allies by declaring war in 1945, the Prime Minister responsible for the declaration was promptly assassinated.

In the course of the war, Egypt had of necessity become a great military base. In the years following the war this base was concentrated in the Suez Canal area and was systematically developed there by us though we had no treaty right to it whatever. The only interruption in the build-up of the base was in 1946 when an agreement was initiated by Mr. Ernest Bevin and Ismail Sidky Pasha for the complete evacuation of our troops and the creation of a joint defence system. This agreement was wrecked over a Sudan clause contained in it, and the base resumed its growth until it spread over a vast area which contained some 50,000 troops and the largest military machine shops outside the United Kingdom. This was due partly to its absorption of large quantities of material withdrawn from India and Palestine and partly to its use as the administrative centre for the whole Middle Eastern Command, stretching from Libya to the Persian Gulf and from Cyprus to East Africa. Moreover, in a rapidly deteriorating world situation, it was already clear that the free world could not afford a strategic gap in the Middle East. But the Egyptians naturally resented this use of their country, when all that Britain was allowed to have by treaty were 10,000 troops and 400 pilots, with ancillary services, to assist in the defence of the Suez Canal. This strengthened their belief that our main object was to control Egypt and keep her militarily

weak in order to protect our latest creation the new State of Israel. The outcome of the Palestine war not only shook Egypt to her foundations but convinced the younger men and women at any rate of our fundamental hostility.

Further attempts were made at negotiating an Anglo-Egyptian settlement, particularly after the advent to power of the Wafd early in 1950. They failed partly because no politician after the death of Ismail Sidky Pasha was courageous enough to tackle realistically the defence problem and partly because so long as King Farouk was on the throne no Egyptian would have dared to say that sovereignty over the Sudan lay anywhere but in his hands.

The Wafd had for thirty years been the principal political party in Egypt. It had the only efficient party machine and though it could claim with some justice to represent the spirit of Egyptian nationalism, perhaps the most accurate way to describe it was as the Egyptian equivalent of Tammany Hall. It had repeatedly returned to power and each time had been dismissed in favour of a government controlled by the Palace. A familiar cycle had been established of alternating Wafdist and Palace governments. Thus the disagreement between the Wafd and the King which showed signs of coming to a head in the autumn of 1951 seemed at the time to be merely a repetition of what had so often happened before. This time, however, the Wafd forestalled King Farouk by forcing through the abrogation of the 1936 treaty with Britain, and



Colonel Nasser during his tour of Upper Egypt last year: he is presenting a peasant with the title-deeds of a piece of land

so unwittingly started a chain of events which proved to be too much for a regime weakened by the King's own excesses, by the aftermath of the Palestine war, and by the corruption of both the legislature and the administration.

The following summer the issue was precipitated by the self-styled Free Officers of the Army and Air Force. The conspirators, under the leadership of Colonel Nasser, who organised the *coup* of July 23, with General Mohamed Neguib as a figurehead, were quick enough and bold enough to exploit to the full the good fortune which attended their first moves. Within three days the King had been banished from the country.

The situation facing the new Council of the Revolution was a strange one. Egypt had for so long been run by a combination of the Palace and the land-owners that the elimination of the King left the land-owners potentially supreme. But there was so little solidarity between these two elements that there was no reaction against Colonel Nasser and his colleagues and they had a breathing space in which to consolidate their position and pave the way for the attainment of their declared aims of social justice, universal education, and a rise in the standard of living. They believed, and may well have been right to believe, that nothing in the shape of a New Deal for the people of Egypt would be possible so long as the land-owners retained their power. The same could perhaps be said of the political bosses and to a lesser extent of the financial magnates so far as they existed outside the land-owning class. Finally, and perhaps most reactionary of all, the Moslem Brotherhood remained as a potential and dangerous rival. Measures were

promptly initiated and carried through in the course of the next year or so to break the power of all these elements: first the land-owners, by agrarian reform; then the political bosses, by the dissolution of the parties and the confiscation of their funds; then the Moslem Brotherhood, by proscription and the arrest of their leaders; and finally the financial magnates, by forcing the resignation of all company directors over the age of sixty and so breaking up the interlocking network of boards.

Blaming the British

The Council of the Revolution were also convinced that unless the British troops could be induced to withdraw no Egyptian Government would be able to get on with the job of administering the country effectively. Of course the presence of foreign troops on Egyptian soil in peace time against the wishes of all patriotic Egyptians was utterly abhorrent to them and this constituted their main incentive, but it was also true that it had proved in the past only too easy for successive Egyptian Governments to evade their obligations by blaming all their own shortcomings on the so-called British occupation. In order to bring this to an end the first step was to seek a settlement of the Sudan problem, and with the removal of King Farouk they were in a position to clear the way for it by publicly declaring that sovereignty over the Sudan lay in the hands of the Sudanese people. From that moment the progress of the Sudan towards self-government and self-determination was inevitably swift. British administration had been by the consent and with the co-operation of the people, and however great our doubts may have been of their capacity to govern themselves wisely and well, it would have been utterly impossible to resist their urge to do so. The Council of the Revolution on their side were only too anxious to press on with an agreement on the Sudan, partly because it was the first step towards securing the evacuation of British troops from Egypt, and partly because, in their abysmal ignorance of the Sudanese people, they believed them to be only waiting for the departure of the British to fly into the arms of their Egyptian brothers. They have since been disillusioned, but at the time we had no great difficulty in securing reasonable terms for the Sudanese.

Agreement on the Suez Canal base was much more difficult to reach, but Colonel Nasser and his colleagues in due time concluded that the only way to achieve the evacuation of our troops was to face squarely the unpalatable truth that a small country in Egypt's geographical position has not the faintest chance of preserving its neutrality in a world war. No previous Egyptian leader, except perhaps Ismail Sidky Pasha, had been clear-sighted and courageous enough to accept that axiom. But Colonel Nasser did so and turned it to Egypt's advantage. He decided that in the circumstances the acceptance, until 1961 at any rate, of a base in the Suez Canal area run by British civilian technicians, and the contingent right of our troops to return to it in the event of a world war spreading southwards was a fair price to pay for the withdrawal within twenty months of our armed forces.

It was a big problem for Colonel Nasser and his colleagues to try to reach a settlement with us at the same time as they were fully occupied in clearing the ground on the home front. At home they inevitably made enemies of all the most able and experienced people in the country and this made it difficult for them to find some basis on which to build the regeneration of Egypt. The only solid element in the country is the *fellah*, on whose patient toil Egypt's civilisations past and present, and indeed her very existence, have always depended. But the *fellah* has for too many hundreds of years lived too near the bone to have the time or the urge to cope with the business of government. No substantial middle class has as yet evolved, and the human material of which the administration must consist remains by and large of the low quality of which Egypt's past rulers have always complained—without, incidentally, taking any steps to rectify it. The Council of the Revolution have thus had to centralise too much power and responsibility in their own hands while they try to train reliable collaborators. This over-centralisation clogs the machinery of government.

A Vulnerable Economy

Meanwhile, over the whole scene loom almost insuperable economic and demographic problems. A population which is increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 every three years cannot for long find sustenance in the inelastic strip of cultivable land in the Nile Valley. An agricultural economy depending on one crop—cotton—is very vulnerable, particularly in these days of artificial fibres. Despite their brave talk, Colonel

Nasser and his colleagues know that even to maintain the standard of living, let alone raise it, they must use every drop of water they can get out of the Nile and create a respectable degree of industrialisation. Hence their insistence on the construction of the projected High Dam south of Assuan and their disappointment over their inability so far to reach agreement with the Sudanese over the sharing of Nile waters.

What with these intractable problems and the uncertainties of the internal situation, Colonel Nasser's position is an unenviable one. In the nature of things his regime cannot be popular. It has broken up too many vested interests and there is much discontent. Yet the present Government is as good as any previous Egyptian government in the last thirty years and in one respect it is better than any. It is trying to do something for the people of Egypt instead of merely talking about it.

The stability of the regime still depends on the support of the armed forces who must somehow be kept contented. Their status has been raised and their treatment is better than it ever was. But the western policy of limiting the sale of arms to the Middle East in order to preserve a rough balance and avoid an arms race worked unfairly against Egypt in Colonel Nasser's view. Whether this was so or not, it certainly prevented him from giving his supporters all they wanted in the way of equipment. Hence his joyful acceptance of the Czech arm deal which enabled him to convince the armed forces that he was doing his best for them. Incidentally, it did more for him than that. It raised his prestige as a nationalist and at the same time helped him to dispose of some part, at any rate, of a heavy carry-over of Egyptian cotton.

Out-and-out Nationalist

Colonel Nasser will obviously seize any opportunity to strengthen his own position and that of his regime. He himself believes that even his enemies give him credit for being an out-and-out Egyptian nationalist and that this is his only strong point. He dare not therefore relax and must for ever be giving fresh proofs of the fact that he is nobody's stooge. That means, of course, that his external policy must first and foremost be based on combating foreign influence throughout the Middle East. Egypt's leadership of the Arab League used to be unquestioned, but the growing wealth of other members, particularly of Iraq, has made them no longer so ready to toe the line when told to do so. Egyptian reaction to this, and to the Baghdad Pact in particular, was the typical one of conjuring up an imperialist plot to isolate Egypt and force her into a settlement with Israel. But while this is a useful propaganda line, Colonel Nasser and his council are realists, and just as they know that a settlement with Israel is inevitable in the long run they also know that Egypt's international position as well as her internal stability will in the final analysis depend on the degree of success which they have in dealing with her economic problems. This cannot be done without help from abroad, and of the possible sources of such help Colonel Nasser has no illusions about which is the safest to accept.

It would be ridiculous to maintain that Colonel Nasser has any affection for Britain. But he is not so stupid as to be our enemy. He knows too well where Egypt's real interests lie. While he will doubtless continue trying to substitute Egyptian for British influence among Arabic-speaking peoples, any success he may have will be due to our own shortcomings and not to his blandishments or to his trumpetings. Admittedly the flood of tedious vituperation poured out by the Egyptian State Broadcasting System is irritating, but we only increase its effect if we show that we are disturbed by it.

Colonel Nasser and his colleagues have travelled a long and hard road since they seized power. They have learned much but they are still comparatively lacking in experience. They have made mistakes and doubtless they will make plenty more; but they have the courage of their convictions and they do not seek their own personal advancement. With increasing self-confidence on the Egyptian side and a more tolerant approach on ours, real friendliness may yet grow between our two countries, as it has always existed between individual Britons and Egyptians. But that is not a growth that we can force. Meanwhile, let us on our side adopt a businesslike and unsentimental attitude. Surely the touchstone of our relations with Egypt should be whether or not Colonel Nasser and his regime continue to carry out scrupulously, as they have done up to now, the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Suez Canal base.—*Third Programme*

'The Role of the Myth' by Professor Ely Devons, second of two talks on 'The Theory and Practice of Government', will be published in THE LISTENER next week.

Mr. Truman as President

By the Rt. Hon. SIR OLIVER FRANKS

WHAT sort of man is Harry S. Truman? Mr. Truman was President of the United States for more than seven and a half years. Was he a great President, or average, or an indifferent one?

Do you remember when Mr. Truman ceased to be President in January 1953 and went home to Independence, Missouri? A reporter asked him what he did on his first day at home. He replied: 'I took the suitcases up to the attic'. One gets an impression of simplicity of manner, directness of speech, a practical man who when he has finished one thing gets on with the next. I saw Mr. Truman from time to time while I was in America and I do not think this is a mistaken impression. At first sight he seems an ordinary man, an ordinary American, an ordinary American from the river valley of the Mississippi and Missouri.

A Leader in World Affairs

I think the judgement of history will be that Mr. Truman was a great President of the United States. When I say this, I am not thinking of Mr. Truman's domestic policies: I am not competent to judge these. As President and Chief Executive of the nation, he was also the leader of the Democratic Party. And the Americans take their party politics strenuously: many millions of them were strongly for Mr. Truman and many millions were equally strongly against him. But I am talking about something different—Mr. Truman as the leader of the American people in world affairs.

So there is a puzzle. If I am right, Mr. Truman must be an extraordinary as well as an ordinary man. What are the qualities of character and mind which mark him out from most of us? We get little guidance from the way in which he came to be President. He was suddenly picked, to his own surprise, as vice-presidential candidate by Mr. Roosevelt in the 1944 campaign. The news of it reached Mr. Truman from the national chairman of the Democratic Party, Mr. Bob Hannegan: he was shown a note from Mr. Roosevelt on a page torn out of a scribbling pad: 'Bob, it's Truman, F.D.R.'. And no one then considered the candidate for Vice-President as a man likely in less than a year to become President of the United States.

In the last few months Mr. Truman has published two volumes of memoirs covering the years in which he was President. The first volume, called *Year of Decisions*, deals with 1945, the ending of the war in Europe and Asia, the birth of the United Nations, the dropping of the atomic bomb, and the Potsdam Conference. Volume II takes in the years 1946 to 1952; *The Years of Trial and Hope**, Mr. Truman calls them. It seemed to me as I read this account of his stewardship that I became clearer about the answer to the puzzle: I began to have a fairly definite idea about the qualities Mr. Truman brought to the office of President. I got it more from the second volume than from the first, perhaps because it was only after 1945, with all its thronging problems, that the President had a chance to develop his positive policies about the post-war world. I feel, too, that the office brought out the man and that the President grew in stature by living with and facing the responsibilities of that solitary position. Perhaps I have a better recollection of the years of my tour of duty in the United States. At all events, the impression I want to convey to you about Mr. Truman derives from the period of Volume II.

It is no good approaching the American system of government with our own traditional ideas of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet or of the position of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The American Constitution places on one man, the President, the authority and the responsibility for charting the course of the United States in its complex relations with other countries. The President must lead and decide. No doubt he is limited in the exercise of these powers. He is the elected chief executive of a democracy, and the Constitution provides plenty of checks and balances. He must lead so that he will be followed, if he is to be effective. In many things he must seek and find the support of the Congress. He must commend his policies to the American people. But the fact remains: leadership and positive decision rest with the President. If a President fails to exercise his powers, no

one else, no other body, can take his place. Foreign policy becomes indistinct, uncertain, and indecisive.

Mr. Truman, as President, had extraordinary powers of decision. This is not a common gift. The capacity to decide is rare. It is very rare indeed when the problems are on a world scale and full of dangers. General Marshall had a favourite saying which he once used when I was discussing an issue with him and his advisers in the State Department. 'Gentlemen', he said, 'don't fight the question. Decide it'. The temptation is always to fight the difficult decisions, to fight them off. So often all the possible courses seem risky and unpleasant. It is not easy to get the facts clear or to foresee what the consequences of particular decisions will be. Taking decisions on foreign affairs in times of crisis is hard work for men of great courage. Mr. Truman has this capacity to decide, with all the endowment of moral courage and sheer hard work that it implies.

Think back for one moment to the decision that lay behind General Marshall's speech at Harvard in June 1947. Ernest Bevin was an early riser: he heard a report of that speech before breakfast in Carlton House Gardens. He was able to give the Foreign Office the news. As he listened, the first thought that came into his mind was not that this gave a prospect of American economic help for Europe. He saw that, and grasped the chance with both hands: but first came the realisation that his chief fear had been banished for good. The Americans were not going to do as they had done after the first world war and retreat into their hemisphere. They had enlarged their horizon and their understanding of the interests of the United States to take in the Atlantic and the several hundred millions of Europeans who lived beyond it. The keystone of Bevin's foreign policy had swung into place.

Bevin was right: all this, and more, lay behind the decision: a view about the Soviet Union and the future course of Soviet policy; a political and strategic judgement on the importance of Europe to the United States; a strong practical desire to help friends who had suffered more, and more directly, from the war than the Americans; a judgement on the extent to which the American people would be ready to tax themselves to give reality to this new American foreign policy in times of peace.

But there were other major decisions, some of which included a judgement on the risks of general war. There was the momentous one in the spring of 1947 about Greece and Turkey, called the Truman doctrine. 'It must', said the President, 'be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures'. Then there was, jointly with us, the decision on the Berlin airlift. It was Mr. Truman who took the decision on the American side to negotiate and enter into the Atlantic Pact. He also decided, under the authority of the United Nations, to take the lead in meeting aggression in Korea in June 1950. Later on came the decision to relieve General MacArthur of his command.

Astonishing Changes in Foreign Policy

As we look back, we can see that Mr. Truman led the United States in these years to an entirely new view of its interests and responsibilities in the world. By now we are accustomed to it all and rather take it for granted. In fact, this astonishing change came about in a series of conscious and deliberate decisions on policy. The President made them. They were then debated and often hotly contested. But the American people followed him. Just imagine anyone in the 'twenties or 'thirties telling us that American foreign policy would change and develop like this by mid-century. We should have laughed at him.

What other qualities did Mr. Truman possess as President? I will name three. First, a broad historical sense. Mr. Truman has read and reflected on a great deal of history, foreign and domestic. 'Reading history', he says in his memoirs, 'to me was far more than a romantic adventure. It was solid instruction and wise teaching which I somehow felt I wanted and needed. . . . It seemed to me that if I could understand the true facts about the growth and development of the United

* Both volumes published by Hodder and Stoughton, price 30s. each

States Government and could know the details of the lives of its presidents and political leaders, I would be getting for myself a valuable part of the total education which I hoped to have some day'. History, I am sure, gave depth and strength to Mr. Truman's decisions.

Next I put his practical knowledge of American public and political life. He knew, far better than most Presidents, what had to be done to win acceptance for a policy, what steps had to be taken to translate a decision on policy into effective action. This knowledge came largely out of his own experience. He administered Jackson County in the State of Missouri for twelve years; for ten years he was a Senator in Washington. All this came to his aid when he set about changing the course of the United States in foreign affairs.

Lastly, he inspired loyalty and respect among his advisers. During almost the whole of the time of which I am speaking President Truman had as his principal advisers on foreign policy, as successive Secretaries

of State, General Marshall and Dean Acheson. Both are men of great distinction. They have adorned the public life of their country. General Marshall and Dean Acheson are very different in type, training, and temperament from Mr. Truman. Yet they were glad to give him wholehearted service. The quality of his decisions owes a great deal to their skilled help.

These, I think, are the qualities which enabled Mr. Truman to lead the United States in this revolution in foreign policy which we now take for granted. Because of them he was able, when the call so unexpectedly came, to become a great President. They do not contradict the first impression. In the memoirs, when he tells how he made his decisions, he remains simple in manner, direct of speech, a man who likes his fellows and is glad to meet them. It is one of the merits of democracy that it can train ordinary men to develop uncommon qualities when called upon to rule.—*Home Service*

Aspects of Africa

Industrial Development versus *Apartheid*

By SHEILA T. VAN DER HORST

WHEN it is said that an industrial revolution is taking place in South Africa, the reference is to the growth of manufacturing industries and not to the mining development which preceded, accompanied, and, indeed, has been responsible for much of the growth of manufacturing. For it was mining that created towns and markets inland and drew railway lines from the ports, first to Kimberley and then to Johannesburg. Two world wars, which cut off supplies of manufactured goods and led to the development of new industries, have greatly stimulated manufacturing, which has also been officially encouraged through tariff protection. Since the last war, import control has restricted imports of goods which can be manufactured locally, and has provided additional protection for local manufactures. The state has also directly sponsored the development of steel production, and now the production of petrol from coal. In the last thirty years the numbers employed in manufacturing and construction work have increased more than fourfold, and today more persons are employed in manufacturing and repair industries than are engaged in mining.

This industrial revolution has posed social and political problems which could be evaded while agriculture and mining were our chief industries—problems arising from the dependence of all our industries on African labour. Both farming and mining employ a higher proportion of Africans than manufacturing, but their employment has not raised the same questions. Although there are more than 500,000 African men, more than a quarter of the total, who live for the most part with their families on farms owned and controlled by whites, improved methods of farming have not radically challenged the customary way of life and the landowner-retainer relationship on the farm.

While mining remained the chief industry requiring large concentrations of African labourers, the problems posed by the black immigrants could be evaded because the Africans came to the mines for short periods and then returned to their rural homes after a spell of work there. The use of migrant labour both from within and from beyond the boundaries of the Union is still characteristic of the mining industry, and it is contrary to government policy to permit the gold mines—even in the new mining areas of the Orange Free State—to build up a permanent, stabilised African labour force living with their families in the mining areas. The great majority of the African workers on the gold, coal, and diamond mines still live in single quarters provided by the mining companies.

Initially this system of going to the gold-fields for relatively short periods suited the African fairly well. His wants were limited and he was not prepared to pull up his roots and move permanently. But today, increasing pressure of population on land, together with increasing familiarity with western ways and the growth of a wider range of wants, has made the African both need and want to enter the westernised economy more permanently. At the same time, the growth of manufacturing industries has provided the opportunity.

The three most outstanding characteristics of employment in South Africa are, first, the industrial colour bar and the consequent stratifica-

tion of the labour force into white and black preserves; secondly, the relatively high wages paid for skilled and supervisory work and the low wages paid for unskilled work; and, thirdly, the migrant labour system. They are inextricably linked and have reinforced each other. But today the development of new industries and new methods of manufacture is modifying the pattern throughout South Africa.

The colour-bar in industry is not absolutely fixed and static. It applies most rigidly in mining, where it is backed by law and prevents Africans doing many types of work classed as skilled. In the older trades, such as building, printing, and engineering, in general it precludes Africans from being apprenticed and thus becoming qualified artisans. But new processes, and the breakdown of jobs, have introduced new intermediate types of work, and in these Africans are being employed. The convention persists, however, that a non-white should not exercise authority over a white man, and this limits the possibility of employers promoting the more able and responsible Africans to supervisory positions.

The structure of the labour force in modern factories is not one of division into artisan and unskilled labourer. Numerically, the machine operative, the machine minder and feeder, and the 'man on the assembly line' predominate. With the growth of manufacturing industry this type of work is a growing proportion of the total volume of employment, and, moreover, it is done by members of all racial groups. Comprehensive statistics of the structure of the labour force are not available, but Wage Board reports show that in industries investigated between 1937 and 1953, of workers classed as semi-skilled 40 per cent were African, 30 per cent European, 20 per cent Coloured, and 10 per cent Indian. In the important metal and engineering group employing approximately one quarter of those engaged in manufacturing, more than 20 per cent of the labour force consists of semi-skilled non-European operatives. In the still small but rapidly expanding textile industry, the majority of spinners, weavers, and other operatives are African and Coloured; and the proportion of non-European operatives in the leather, clothing, and furniture industries is also increasing.

The racial composition of an industry's labour force today depends more on the particular historical circumstances of its development than on the potential supplies of suitable labour. Where a particular pattern of employment has grown up, as in the mines and in the older trades in the Transvaal, trade-union pressure exercised by Europeans and reinforced by law has always resisted alteration and adjustment to new processes, and to the industrial advance of non-Europeans. And even in industries not governed by craft traditions and a colour-bar, the introduction into an established factory of members of a different racial group is retarded by custom and law, which demand a measure of segregation in regard to work-places as well as cloakrooms and canteens. But, despite these difficulties, there has been a considerable modification in the racial composition of the labour force in many industries.

There are, in fact, many parallels between the absorption of non-Europeans—and particularly Africans—into industrial employment in South Africa, and the absorption of women into industry in Great

Britain. In Britain women were drawn into new occupations, such as that of typist, and into the newer light industries, but they have had great difficulty in breaking into older industries like engineering and printing, which were traditionally men's occupations and into which craft unionism opposed their entry. Similarly, in South Africa, Africans have not been admitted to the older trades, but they have been employed in an increasing range of occupations in the newer industries.

Greatly Increasing Population

The development of mining and manufacturing in South Africa has been accomplished—and was indeed made possible—by great social changes. New towns have sprung up, and the older towns in the chief industrial areas have doubled and trebled in size. On the Witwatersrand, where seventy years ago there was bare veld, Johannesburg and the other reef towns now have a population of 1,500,000, of which more than half are Africans. The population of the Reef, in fact, has trebled in the last thirty years. In Cape Town, houses, flats, and small shops have covered the fields and scrub which used to separate the suburbs and villages strung out along the base of Table Mountain from Table Bay to False Bay. Factories and new satellite towns have spread across the sandy Cape Flats, once such a barrier to the laden ox-wagons of the early colonists. In the same period of thirty years, the population of the Peninsula has grown from barely 250,000 to over 500,000. Much of the increase has been due to the townward migration among all sections of the population. The white townward movement has taken place largely amongst the Afrikaans-speaking. Whereas thirty years ago English was the language of the larger towns, and you seldom heard Afrikaans spoken in the streets, today more than half the population of many of the new industrial areas is Afrikaans-speaking.

In addition to the Afrikaans-speaking white South Africans, the Africans have come into the towns increasingly and more permanently. Even in the Cape Peninsula, which is furthest from the Native areas, Africans now form a sixth of the population and a quarter of the labour force in manufacturing and constructional work. Outside the Cape Province—the home of the Coloured people—Africans now constitute more than half the labour force in manufacturing industry, and in most towns they outnumber the whites. One of the most amazing things in South Africa has been the readiness with which African men travel hundreds of miles to the chief centres of employment. It is this readiness to leave their homes and go far away to work which accounts for the scale and the rate of the industrial development of South Africa.

African women have now followed their men to town, although as yet few of them are employed in factories. Forty years ago, the African men in urban areas outnumbered the women by four to one. Today the ratio is less than two to one. It is estimated that there are 150,000 African families on the Witwatersrand alone, and another 100,000 altogether in eight of our other larger towns. This townward movement has brought white and black together in more crowded circumstances and in new relationships. They have been brought into contact not only as master and servant on the farms, as administrator and tribesman in the Reserves, as supervisor or artisan and manual labourer on the mines, but now as fellow-citizens. On the pavements, in post-offices, shops, and railway stations, white and black have jostled together. And the whites have disliked this new relationship. Hence their attempt to enforce separation by law. The townward movement of the African challenges the assumption that his proper place is in the Reserves, on the farms, in domestic service, or as a temporary migrant labourer on the mines. Permanent urban settlement raises the question of the civic and political rights of the town dweller.

Perhaps it has been their unconscious realisation of the fundamental nature of this question of civic and political rights that has made white South Africans slow to recognise and loath to accept the social changes that have been taking place. White mine-owners, industrialists, shopkeepers, and housewives have wanted the labour of the Africans, but they are reluctant to accept them as fellow-citizens, and many Africans still live half-in, half-out of the western industrial economy.

By law, Africans are only allowed to enter towns if the local authorities consider work is available for them. Should they not find employment within a short period, or should they lose their employment, they may be evicted unless they have been at work in the area for fifteen years, or have worked continuously for one employer for ten years—a relatively rare occurrence. Those born within an urban area who have permanently resided there have a right to remain. These regulations have proved difficult to enforce, and they have not prevented the growth of a large urban African population because the growth of

industry has led to a continually increasing number of jobs. On the other hand, they do lead to a feeling of insecurity and often to great hardship, and they make Africans who are working in the towns cling to their claims to land in the Reserves as a sheet-anchor on which to fall back should they be evicted from the towns.

This system of 'influx' control was designed to confine the African population of towns to those who could find employment. It was also designed to limit the financial obligations of local authorities, who were made responsible for providing accommodation, in segregated areas, for the Africans working within their boundaries.

The practice of relying on migrant labour is ceasing to be a satisfactory compromise both for the African and for the industrialist. At one time it provided a tolerable bridge whereby the African could obtain some of the fruits of modern methods of production, and co-operate in a more specialised economy, without permanently severing his ties with his home and kinsmen. Now, for many, the system has become socially and economically outmoded. The high labour turnover, lack of specialisation, and low productivity associated with it are a drag on industry. At the same time agriculture in the Native areas is hampered by the absence of large numbers of the able-bodied men. Agricultural improvements are retarded by the fact that farming is not regarded as the principal means of livelihood. Family life is disrupted by the prolonged absences of husbands and fathers. The fact that this system is now outgrown is shown by the increasing townward movement of the women—despite the deplorable conditions which they face in the squatter settlements of the growing towns, and despite legal and administrative attempts to restrict the 'urban influx'.

To overcome the admitted disadvantages of the migrant labour system, and at the same time to get round the political problem implicit in the growth of a large urban African proletariat, it has been suggested that further industrial development should be diverted towards the Native Reserves. The prospects for regulating the distribution of industry is a big subject which I cannot enter into here, except to say that hitherto in South Africa the chief factor determining the location of manufacturing has been proximity and access to markets—and markets in the Reserves are still very limited.

For their part, the Africans have shown great readiness to enter the industrial economy, to buy and use its products, and to work in its factories. Custom, vested interest, and fear of their competition for jobs have qualified their welcome and limited the use which has been made of their labour. When industries first developed, it was inevitable that the whites should do the skilled work. Tools and machinery were unfamiliar to the Africans, and as they were not willing to work for long periods, it was not worth the employers' while to train them. But the situation is changing now; many African children are growing up in towns ready for permanent urban employment. And yet custom in regard to their sphere of employment has been entrenched by trade-union action, sanctioned by colour prejudice and in some instances by law, and we are faced with the anomaly of having a shortage of skilled workers at the same time that urban African youths have difficulty in securing training and work.

Measures which Increase Social Malaise

Broadly, the effects of restrictions on the movement and employment of Africans has been to limit and slow down their incorporation into the western exchange economy. This has increased rather than diminished social disintegration both in the urban and in the rural areas. Measures designed to prevent the disruption of the traditional African mode of life have in practice increased social malaise. As an alternative to the fuller incorporation of Africans into the western economy and, at the same time, to overcome the waste and obvious injustice of the restrictions which at present govern the economic activities of Africans, it has been suggested that separate parallel economic systems should be created for white and black. This policy would reverse the growth of economic co-operation which has been the keynote of economic development since Europeans and Africans first came into continuous contact in South Africa a little more than 150 years ago. It would involve prohibitive material sacrifices and would disrupt the economy. The past thirty years have seen great and rapid changes and the emergence of a mixed diversified economy from one in which farming and mining predominated. South Africa cannot afford deliberately to retard this development. Her population is increasing and is expected to double by the end of the century. More productive use of labour and of land is essential if standards of living are to be maintained, let alone to continue to rise.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Book Number

A SUMMER book number is not as inappropriate as it might seem, particularly if one happens to be sitting in a seaside hotel watching the rain through the windows. It is easy to be cynical about books: one means by books those that are read for pleasure and not textbooks, manuals on gardening, or cookery books, which will no doubt be with us as long as we care to imagine. To the making of a book there are three main contributors, the publisher, the printer, and the author. The publisher takes the risk, the printer earns the money, the author gains the glory. It is said that he who can, does; he who can't, writes, or words to that effect. Certainly consolation for failure in other spheres of life is often to be found in the writing of books, even if they are never printed. Men and women write from many motives. Some are driven on by a real daemon—James Joyce was one. The demoniacal quality of others, that may spell anxiety and even tribulation for their friends, can produce an author of genius, D. H. Lawrence for example. Some authors even strive, and occasionally succeed, in writing books for money, to boil the pot or, if big fish, to pay for a new car. By the higher-minded that is disapproved. The late Julien Benda, who died last week, we are told devoted his life to maintaining the thesis that a man of letters has as his duty to uphold and proclaim the ideals of perfect disinterestedness and attachment to absolute truth. These writers are scarce and usually have to be subsidised.

Publishers are rarely popular, even with authors. Yet they are subjects for commiseration. It is easy to make fun of them: to describe how British and American publishers cross the Atlantic in opposite directions every year in search of the elusive best-seller is perhaps to discount a *mystique* and to offer a contrast with the notion that publishers find genius in worn, illegible manuscripts concocted in garrets. But unquestionably publishing is a precarious business. The rise and fall of aspiring publishers in London since the last war has been astonishing. The constant increases in the cost of paper, printing, and binding has perplexed even long-established firms. Nothing is easier than to price a book out of the market—and yet in the United States one is told that if the price of a book is too low people will think it is not worth buying.

Even when an author has written a book which is both sincere and readable, a publisher has chosen wisely, and a printer has overcome his labour difficulties, the problem still remains to find readers. It is paradoxical in a world of shorter working hours and therefore greater leisure that reading for pleasure, rather than becoming commoner, has found many new competitors. And yet what finer intellectual stimulus is there to be found than that of first-rate books? Where would our civilisation be without them? What would our theatres and cinemas, our radio and television shows, our orators and our teachers do if authors died of discouragement? Is it too much to say that those who assert that they have no time to read are not making the best of their lives or at least have failed to organise their lives properly?

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on changes in Russia

ON JUNE 9, SHORTLY AFTER Mr. Molotov's resignation, Moscow announced the resignation of another close associate of Stalin, Mr. Kaganovich, who last year was given wide powers as Chairman of the State Committee on Labour and Wages. Two days earlier, Moscow radio broadcast a speech by Mr. Khrushchev to a Komsomol meeting to send off 'volunteers' to Siberia and other 'virgin land' areas. He stated:

At present the enemies of our country are guessing whether Communist society will be built in our country. We do not want to frighten them, but must say that, whether they like it or not, the triumph of Communism is historically inevitable... and without war... There are some people who are against capitalism, but not for Communism, who prefer to stand aloof and see what emerges... There exist doubters who cross themselves just in case there really is a God, if there is, this may be taken into consideration in the place where the corresponding reckoning will be made... We frequently hear that the two most powerful states on earth are the Soviet Union and the United States... But the time will soon come when everyone will say that the most powerful countries in the world are those which are building their economy on a socialist basis.

Mr. Khrushchev added—apropos of the destination of the young volunteers—that the time would also come when people will say: 'Who has not been to Siberia has not seen the world'. As for the 'difficulties' mentioned at the meeting, 'the devil is not as black as he is painted'.

The publication in the United States of the text of Mr. Khrushchev's famous speech denouncing Stalin at a closed session of the Party Congress last February aroused widespread interest throughout the western world. In the U.S.A., *The New York Times*, describing the speech as a description of hell on earth in the land which millions once thought was becoming Utopia, was quoted as commenting:

The essence of the matter is that the real defendant before the bar of history is not Stalin or the Stalinist group. The real culprit is the Communist ideology itself, the belief that a better world can be brought into being by travelling a road littered with the corpses of those who have different ideas.

The New York Herald Tribune was quoted as remarking that the system of repression which produced Stalin is just as capable of producing another such figure.

As in Czechoslovakia, so in east Germany, the revelations about Stalin have caused students—even communist students—to question the wisdom of the Communist Party's guidance. On June 8, the east German communist newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, was quoted as saying that in universities and high schools, comrades are behaving in a vulgar manner. Thus, it condemned comrades in the Academy of Science and the University of Halle for arguing that decisions of the party executive should be discussed, and not blindly accepted. In Dresden, students had argued that it was better to concentrate on learning facts rather than political theories, because nobody knew whether the theories would not have to be revised in a few months. In Leipzig a party member had suggested that party decisions should be published side by side with the views of those opposing them. Other people were openly demanding the removal of some east German Ministers. Attacks on the party leader, Herr Ulbricht, were described as 'attacks on the party itself', and *Neues Deutschland* concluded:

Party members will be judged not by their words and declarations, but by the way they carry out party decisions.

In Czechoslovakia, where the Communist youth paper has complained that students' meetings have been 'abused to spread many misguided ideas and demands', and some students in Prague have shouted: 'Prague people, do not be afraid any more, the students will come to your help!', Prague radio announced on June 7:

No elementary training courses or study groups for the history of the C.P.S.U. (Communist Party of the Soviet Union) will be organised next term. On the other hand, courses for the study of current party policy and of the national economy... will be of special importance...

The propaganda skill of Mr. Shepilov, the new Soviet Foreign Minister—gained as editor of *Pravda* and former head of the Directorate of Propaganda and Agitation of the Party's Central Committee—led many western commentators to express the view that he would prove more subtle than Mr. Molotov.

Did You Hear That?

A FAIR DEAL FOR HODGE

'FIFTY YEARS AGO', said E. MOORE DARLING in a Midland Home Service talk, 'the National Union of Agricultural Workers was founded, but not under the name by which it is known to all agriculturists. The present title dates back only to 1920 and was achieved only after years of ups and downs succeeding triumph, of the petering out of what began as heroic efforts, of new bodies rising from the ashes of burnt-out endeavours. Even as far back as 1872, Joseph Arch saw a vision of *all* the country's agricultural workers banded together. Today that vision has been realised to the extent that through the N.U.A.W. farm workers can speak with one voice, and negotiate as one body.

'The blood of the martyrs, we are told, is the seed of the Church. In a real sense, the blood of the Tolpuddle Martyrs fertilised the seed from which organised land labour sprang, for the spiritual founders of the movement were those six decent Dorset men from Tolpuddle who, in their desire to improve wages and working conditions, founded a society. Five were Wesleyans, including three local preachers—of itself enough in those days to make them suspects. They were summoned under an act which forbade men to administer and be bound by secret oaths. Those six steady, respectable, God-fearing men were convicted and duly transported.

'If you would seek the main-springs of class consciousness, if you would desire to get down to the hard core of human bitterness, remember that these six men were broken, no voice was raised in their defence by the Church of the day, no cry of protest went up from the privileged folk who called themselves Christians. We often ask why organised religion has lost the masses. There are many answers, but the Tolpuddle Martyrs provide us with one of them—and that one far from being the least. It is some little consolation to know that all six men who were transported in 1833 were brought back. The last of them lived until 1891—how I wish I had met him.

'Despite many local attempts among farm labourers to band themselves together, it was not until 1872 that the effort met with any real success and that was due to the dynamism of Joseph Arch of Banford in my own county of Warwick—Banford, where, at Westham House, we have in memory of him a most remarkable residential Conference House. Arch called his union the Warwickshire Agricultural Labourers' Union, and a year later, in Leamington, he tried with some success to get the movement going on a national basis—not so much a tight-knit union as we have today, but federated county units. For a time things went splendidly, especially in Norfolk, Kent, Hereford, and Warwickshire.

'Then after triumph came disaster, not spectacular, but a deadly seeping away of members due to economic causes, when a serious economic slump in the farm industry came about, largely as the result of increasing pressure from cheap imported food. How disastrous was the falling off may be grasped when we realise that in 1894 there were nine agricultural workers' unions in this country. In 1906 there were only two left, with a total membership of only 152. It is not irrelevant to those figures to record that Joseph Arch died in 1891.

'Why were farm workers so slow to organise? They were poor. They lived in remote and scattered units. They were inarticulate and instinctive individualists. Incidentally, for precisely the same reasons the N.F.U. took a long time to establish itself—and still has its share of individualists! After the slump we must go to Norfolk for resurgence, for the society created there and called "The Eastern Counties Agricultural Workers' and Smallholders' Union", founded in 1906, is the parent of the N.U.A.W. as it is today. That union is still very strong in the county of its birth for, of the county's workers, no less than 80 per cent. belong. In the eastern counties generally 60 per cent. of the land workers are members. The number for the whole country is 50 per cent. Accurate statistics are not easy to obtain, owing to the fact that agriculture has so many casual workers and part-time smallholders. That is what makes it difficult to say what percentage of land workers are members, but what can be said is that today the N.U.A.W. has a membership of between 140,000 and 150,000'.



Cutting bananas for export to England in a plantation at St. Catherine, Jamaica

JAMAICA BANANAS

Jamaica's banana industry is aiming at a new record in exports to the United Kingdom this year—13,000,000 stems, in fact. SAM HEPPNER, who recently visited the island, described in 'The Eyewitness' the scene of activity he found in the plantations.

'We were driving past a post office', he said, 'when a West Indian chap on a bicycle rode by and called out to the postmistress: "Monday, my love!" My guide noticed my puzzled look and smiled. "That means they're cutting the bananas on Monday", he said; "she'll send telegrams to all the growers in the area".

'On the Monday morning the first intimation of cutting I had was a quaint, elfin-horn call echoing among the endless rows of banana plants. Already the sun was blisteringly hot, and I was glad to move off the dusty estate road into the shade of the graceful, overhanging

leaves. There it was again, that weird, deep, single note. I followed it till I came on a scene of great activity, a dozen or so coloured field workers, the men chopping down a banana plant with a single blow of a sharp machete, the women carrying off the complete stem, weighing perhaps thirty or forty pounds, on their heads. And sitting there was a West Indian blowing through a large sea-shell and producing his horn-call at short intervals to guide the field workers, in that uncharted labyrinth, to where the cutting was taking place. Men were spraying the plantations with a chemical mixture to keep the leaf-spot fungus in check. The bananas go by truck to rail waggons, and by rail to the wharves—Montego Bay, Port Morant, Ora Cabessa, Port Antonio—or by barge down past the mangrove swamps of Salt River and into the sea to be loaded into the banana boats for England.

'The scene at the wharves is fascinating. Incidentally, there was a notice: "Visitors are welcome, but not their cameras". Taking pictures is forbidden in deference to the feelings of the local workers who only like being photographed in their Sunday-best and wear old things while working because the bananas secrete a sticky juice that stains. The great problem in the handling and transportation of bananas is to prevent bruising. That is why coloured tapes hang from some of the stems.

Each colour signifies the history of the stem, and the packing, transport, shipping, etc. Those who receive the stem in London quote the tape colour in reporting its condition back to the research officer in Jamaica.

'Loading the bananas into the ship's hold usually starts around midday, and continues non-stop until three or four o'clock the next morning. Each worker takes a stem off a truck or rail waggon, puts it on his head and files past a tallyman and a government inspector, who count the fruit and check for quality. Only the best is passed for export to this country'.

THE MAN IN FRONT

'I do not actually know him. It is just that I am continually meeting him—because I am the man he is always in front of', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in a Home Service talk. 'I met him again only last Saturday, trying to buy a stamp. I mean, I was trying. My wife had said: "Look, just nip in there and get a stamp, then we can post this. Only hurry, because we're late". Actually, we were not late then. That came later.

'It was in Brighton, and we were going to a matinee. I expect you know Western Road—well, there is a big shop there that sells everything, from greenhouses to rubber steaks for dogs; even stamps, in a sort of pocket post office in the bottom right-hand corner. I got to the counter and saw the man in front . . . in front. You never get him at a counter with only one commodity on sale, like fish or crazy paving. It would not eat up enough of all that spare time he has. He likes somewhere with a wide range of transactions; then he stands a fair chance of spinning things out indefinitely.

'One of his favourite playgrounds is the ticket office at my local station. He kills hours there—especially on days when I am even later than usual, and suddenly realise I want a new season ticket. There he is, with his nose stuck on the little glass window. You would never believe the things he thinks of. He wants a bicycle ticket, or a horse-box, or a pair of goats put in care of the guard. He asks for three and two halves to Snow Hill, Birmingham, and two and three halves back, all for the second Thursday after August Bank Holiday, and the booking clerk has to do a big engineering job on the dating mechanism of his ticket-machine. Or he fishes bits of paper out of his pocket entitling him to send milk-churns to Harpenden at five-eighths of the usual rate, and the clerk has to ring up Victoria to find out the proper drill. Then he will start a wrangle about insurance fees for hampers of theatrical costumes, or the cost of brass-band instruments going to Aberdeen. And, finally, he always wants to go, that day, to some place the booking clerk has never heard of, has not any tickets for, and has to write out in triplicate and cannot find the carbon-paper. It is a well-organised thing, I can tell you, and a wonderful way to get through half a morning.

'One odd thing is that, in spite of having all this time on his hands, the man in front gets from one place to another with surprising speed. I think he has probably mastered that old problem of transmitting matter through space. I had a fine example of this in a sandwich-bar in Fleet Street only about ten days ago. I was busy at the office, and I thought I would just nip in and get a quick snack. And there he was at the counter. Judging by what everyone else was eating, they had all just said: "Rock cake", or "Roll and butter". But not he. The whole of the counter staff had its hands full with him. They were fixing him up with three cheese, two sardine, one beef with mustard, two ham without, a piece of slab cake to eat on the spot, three mineral-waters to take away, please wrap everything separately, and can you change a £5 note? For once, I had the sense not to wait. Sometimes I simply have to wait: his technique fascinates me; but I was not going to get any lunch till tea-time at this rate, so I walked out and flagged the first taxi for Soho. The twenty-first, actually. Every Londoner knows there is a rule that the first twenty are engaged. When I did spot one at last I made myself pretty conspicuous; I waved my newspaper, and shouted, and danced a bit on the pavement to convey urgency. The cab slowed down behind a bus, and who should walk out of a map shop on the other side of the street, straight into that

taxi's back seat, without raising a finger or even breaking step, but the man in front.

'So I went plodding off to the nearest telephone box—wasn't very near, it never is—to tell the office I should be late back from lunch after all . . . and there he was. The door was just puffing to behind him. He had had a shot at a disguise, with a cap and an open-necked shirt. But I knew him all right. And I knew that this was going to be no ordinary telephone call. You never get one of those: "Darling, it's me. I'll be on the six-twenty" calls, not from the man in front. I do not know exactly what he does in a telephone box, but I think he rings up some associate on a distant, inaccessible exchange, who is permanently standing by to read him a few chapters of *Wuthering Heights*.

FILM-GOING THE WORLD OVER

'The first cinemas I went to—in 1929—were in Taunton', said ERIC ROBINSON in a talk in the West of England Home Service, 'and one I remember was entered by a long, wooden, fire-escape staircase up the side of a wall. But at the end of that year I continued seeing silent films in the cheaper cinemas of Birmingham, on Saturday afternoons, with hundreds of other small children fighting in the gangways as though they were stampeding elephants in the big top. My parents were suspicious that these flea-pits might live up to their name, but I can recall only the biting acrid fumes of carbolic, so strong that any self-respecting flea would have been suffocated.

'I paid over my 2d. and absorbed such a diet of horror as would terrify a modern horror-comic ghoul. "The Clutching Hand" gripped me in twelve instalments and the shadow of that hand often crossed my bedroom ceiling; "The Man in the Mask", in which the villain wore a sort of first world-war respirator in close-up, took the same number of weeks to impress itself on our tiny minds.

'But besides watching films for a quarter of a century I have also watched them in many strange places, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator. I think the worst place of all was on a training cruise during the last war. The ship was manned almost entirely by cadets who were continuously and fluently sick for the whole six weeks of their training on these old tubs. The one escape was the film show. When I was later on the destroyer *Zambesi* we showed, just after V.E. Day, the first English

films that our friends in Bergen had seen for many a day.

'Then there was film-going in Ibadan, Nigeria—a vast, ramshackle city of more than 500,000 inhabitants. The city is served by two open-air cinemas, where the films are projected on to a concrete wall. The concrete wall makes an effective screen once you have got used to the lizards which scutter about on it and disappear at some dramatic moment down the heroine's neck. Another slight trial was that the city's power supply was not always reliable, so that at the height of some passionate scene there might be an interlude for an hour or two. I was just a little annoyed one Saturday night because I had been obliged to walk over a thick carpet of swarming ants to get into the cinema, and then the lights gave out for three hours.

'The advertisements were much more entertaining than they are in those elaborate pearly-gate sessions which we endure at home. One of the funniest was an adaptation of the story about the man who does not get his proper rest at night but who is restored to vitality and prosperity by a certain beverage. In the African version the story was told about a particularly dreary African clerk. There were various medicaments also which were guaranteed to deal with the most lurid complaints. The advertisements took about half an hour, accompanied by records at maximum volume. Then came the news—never less than two or three years old. In Ibadan I saw Olivier in "Hamlet" and Alec Guinness in "Oliver Twist". The African audience reacted strongly to the films, especially to the romantic situations which represented different conventions of love-making from their own. They also had their own views about those films which dealt in a vulgar or unsympathetic way with coloured people, or which presented as a hero the stiff-lipped Englishman on the North-West Frontier. There is nothing like seeing an American or English film in an African cinema for regaining one's perspective about the values implied in such a film'.



After Freud—III

The Study of Society

By MEYER FORTES

FREUD's theories, most people will agree, give us a profound insight into our private mental worlds. That the contrary emotions of love and hate, guilt and shame co-exist and flow into one another; that the sexual instinct is deeply entwined with our mental growth from babyhood; that unreasonable and unrealistic impulses of a destructive kind can be built up by frustration; such ideas, modified to meet the criticism made of them, are slowly being fitted into our map of human nature. But, essentially, we take this map to refer to the individual.

What of our ideas about society? Has Freud contributed anything to our understanding of our collective life? Normal human beings are never completely solitary for more than a very short time at a stretch. From the moment of our birth until we breathe our last, we are inescapably in relationship with others, in pairs or groups or complex organisations. What light does Freudian psychology throw on this aspect of human nature? Freud himself said: 'In the individual's mental life someone else is invariably involved as a model, as an object, as a helper, as an opponent, and so from the very first Individual Psychology is at the same time Social Psychology . . .'. That is the keynote of Freud's contribution to our knowledge of society. Paradoxically, by exploring the innermost depths of personality he helped to establish the principle that the individual self is created by society just as society is built up of individuals in association.

The Customs of the Group

To appreciate Freud's contribution, let us put the problem in concrete terms. What do we mean by society? Speaking as an anthropologist, I see society as marked out by two special characteristics. First, there is the fact that human beings are always—in the home, in work, and in play—in social relationships with one another, or, if you like, in some sort of group. Second, there is the fact that everything we do, think, or feel is to a greater or lesser degree expressed in customary form. In anthropological terms, social organisation and custom, or, as some prefer to say, culture, are the warp and woof of the multi-coloured cloth that is society. Just as we cannot exist outside social organisation, so we cannot function as human beings without the guiding strings of custom. What distinguishes customs is that they are standardised, common to all the members of the group in which they prevail, and accepted and valued by them all with a greater or lesser degree of blind faith. Every activity we perform in the relationships laid down for us by social organisation is clothed in custom, whether it be something so trivial as the housewife cooking breakfast for her family or something so elaborate as the bishop taking a service. But for this it would be chaotic and unintelligible, and soon lead to the breakdown of orderly life.

Both social organisation and custom have what we could call, in Freudian language, reality functions; that is, they serve necessary and rational purposes. Whatever else the family is and does, it undoubtedly exists in order to serve the essential, rational purpose of ensuring the replenishment of society generation by generation. One of Freud's shrewdest observations was that no group can work in an organised way without some form of leadership, or at least some ideal focus of loyalty for all the members. This is partly a rational need, as we can see if we try to imagine how a ship's crew would carry on its work without a captain or a monastery maintain itself without its ideal focus of loyalty and worship. And this applies to custom, too. We drink tea for breakfast. To drink is a biological necessity and a rational act. But we drink tea rather than beer or wine for breakfast because it is now customary. It was not always so.

I stress the rational aspects of custom and social organisation because these are sometimes forgotten by followers of Freud. They are apt to forget that custom is a matter of history and tradition, as well as of psychology. However, it is a fact that there is also, in all custom and social organisation, an arbitrary and irrational element. This strikes us forcibly when we consider the extraordinary variety of custom obeyed by mankind. By providing new ways of analysing and explaining this

feature of social life Freud helped to change the whole direction of science. It began when he applied the theory of the Oedipus complex and its later elaborations to the facts of social organisation and custom. It owes much also to Freud's discovery of the analogies and parallels between magical and religious and moral customs found in primitive societies, and the symptoms and habits associated with mental illness in our society.

Family Systems

Freud's theory of the Oedipus complex made an impression on anthropologists because in anthropology the study of the family systems of mankind looms larger than any other topic. Compared with the vast majority of mankind ours is an exceptional family system. In primitive societies the whole social organisation often boils down to the family and its extensions, there being no specialised organisation for work or worship or recreation or education. Now primitive family systems differ widely from ours and enormously amongst themselves. One difference is particularly interesting. A large number, found in all parts of the world, have a patriarchal form, familiar enough to us from the Old Testament. The Victorian middle-class family was a modified patriarchal type. In this type of family the father is the authoritative head, ruling somewhat autocratically. He is treated with respect bordering on awe by his wife and children; his son—most likely his oldest son—is his prospective heir. By contrast there is the matriarchal family type also found in many parts of the world. In this the authoritative head is not the father but the mother's brother. It is his word that is law and it is from him, not the father, that a man inherits property and position. Whereas the mother's brother is treated with respect bordering on awe, the father is regarded with the affection given to a kindly comrade.

I must emphasise that these attitudes are standardised, obligatory customs, not personal choices. They occur everywhere, and have one thing in common: they divide the successive generations according to a universal formula. Everywhere, society imposes two roles on the parental generation. First there is the role of authoritative source of discipline, order, and legal rights. This always falls on a male of the parental generation. It is he who is responsible for providing for the children and bringing them up to be good citizens, to fit into the social organisation and accept all the beliefs and values of their society as given. In return, children owe respect to father or uncle. In parts of Africa it goes so far that a man and his eldest son may not eat together. It is believed that if they did the son might cause his father's death, which he is supposed secretly to wish so that he can succeed to his father's rank and property. Similar customs in relation to the uncle are found in matriarchal tribes.

The second role requires the parental generation to show unquestioning love for the children, as if to assure them of security in all circumstances. It falls primarily upon the mother. Custom decrees that in return children must display affection towards, and can be free and easy with, their mother, in a way they would not dare to be with a patriarchal father or a matriarchal uncle.

Antagonism between Father and Son

These are the observed facts; and it is a matter of anthropological history that no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming until the Oedipus complex provided a clue. The antagonism between father and son is a basic element of social organisation springing from the very heart of the family. In primitive cultures it is given legitimate and open expression in custom; in our culture it is not, and is known only through its disguised and sometimes pathological expressions in personal life histories or, as Freud showed, in myth and story. The love of mother for child is another basic element also expressed in primitive customs.

In short, we have here a most illuminating theory. Very much simplified it goes like this. The child begins life with his instinctive drives.

But he is born into a family system based in part on tradition and in part on such things as economic realities. Always, however, there are the parents; and as the child's mind grows, especially as its sexual impulses develop, it comes into conflict with parental power and authority directed towards moulding it, by more or less arbitrary restraints, into conforming with custom. But this process goes on against a background of parental love. In primitive societies the child is helped to adapt himself gradually to these inescapable facts of family organisation by means of customs that provide a legitimate—one might also say a conscious—outlet for the contradictory emotions built up in him through the years of childhood. He is, for instance, expected to avoid his father and need not pretend to love him. In our more complex society the individual often has to find his own solution to the conflict.

Freud's theory shows that the social heritage is not just handed over to children as passive recipients. It is, as it were, 'built into' the child's mind and personality in the give-and-take between successive generations. Nor is it assimilated by virtue of reason and logic, as our grandfathers believed. On the contrary, it comes about through powerful instinctive drives being harnessed in the service of society.

Let me illustrate the influence of this idea in anthropology. Mating, and even something like family organisation, are found among the higher animals as well as mankind. But no animal species has the incest taboo, which anthropology shows to be universal among mankind. This prohibits absolutely the mating of parent and child or brother and sister, and in many primitive societies is extended to other relatives as well. Before Freud, two theories of incest held the field: both equally absurd from our post-Freud angle. According to one, at some remote time when mankind was emerging from the animal state it was noticed that inbreeding led to physical degeneration and so the incest taboo was invented as a safeguard. The other is simpler. It held that the taboo results from childhood intimacy. Unfortunately the facts show both theories to be false. Many societies allow first cousins on one side to marry but forbid the other side to do so, the difference being due to the way they reckon relationship, not to intimacy or fear of degeneration. Indeed, the most striking feature of incest taboos is their absolute and arbitrary character. They are given out as the ultimate moral rules, not enforceable by law but rather by the individual's conscience, reinforced perhaps by religious belief. An incest taboo which makes it a sin for brother and sister to have any direct contact after puberty, or for a woman to see her husband's father's face, or use any words that sound like his name, is not a rational rule.

Freud provided a better theory. If the incest wish is deeply rooted in human infancy, the prohibition is obviously necessary. If it did not exist family organisation would collapse in the struggle between fathers and sons for possession of the mothers and daughters, and the task of training children in the knowledge and conduct they need to carry on social life would be impossible. But, of course, no rational reason for the prohibition is conceivable. It can work only if it is accepted as a moral edict backed up by the sense of guilt and remorse that would

follow a breach of it. This is the basic moral experience in all societies. All moral rules at bottom consist in avoidances and renunciations and arouse guilt feelings when broken. Freud's model of human nature shows us how they emanate from society but are implanted by the parents through the agency of the inhibitions they impose on childish wishes and appetites.

Freud's ideas on the genesis of morality throw a profound light also on the nature and sources of religion. Anthropologists have accumulated a vast amount of information about the religions of mankind. An inexplicable variety of gods and demons, nature spirits, deified ancestors, totems, and so on flourish among the races of man. They are associated with rituals of placation by sacrifice, penance, and gifts. What is, from a rational point of view, most difficult to understand is why such beliefs and practices maintain their grip in spite of their often gruesome character and patent futility. None of the theories before Freud accounted credibly for this. An example is the theory that seeing dead people in dreams led to the erroneous conclusion that some part of themselves, their souls, survived, and this belief, associated with a natural horror of death, created notions of fearful ghosts or demons who had to be placated.

Freud and his followers have written much about religion, starting mainly from the parallels in form and content between neurotic symptoms, dreams, myths, and primitive ritual customs, which Freud demonstrated. Some psychoanalysts have been so carried away by these resemblances that they seem to regard religious rituals and belief as forms of neurosis. Freud warned against this. What he brought out was their apparent derivation from childish attitudes to, and fantasies about, the parents. This puts religion in a new light. African ancestor-spirits, for example, are in one aspect vindictive and capricious, as his all-powerful parents might appear to an infant restrained by them from giving in to every whim and impulse; and in another aspect kind and benevolent, as his parents might appear when he is getting the care and love he craves. Such beliefs seem to be an outlet for the ambivalent emotional attitudes that are implanted in the family situation. Conscience-stricken when things go wrong, an ancestor worshipper offers a sacrifice to turn the anger of the spirits into goodwill.

I do not want to suggest that this point of view solves all problems; far from it. There is the fact, for instance, that religious and magical beliefs give rise to rules of morals and so to customs of education which work back, in a vicious circle, to support the misguided beliefs. Which, then, is cause and which effect? This is a fundamental problem and it is being keenly studied by anthropologists. But it could not have been set out clearly before Freud.

My examples have been chosen to show how the light of Freud's genius has fallen in the more obscure corners of human social life. The main issue is an old one. Society consists of individuals; but each individual also carries his society around with him, so to say, and obeys the rules of his culture. Freud's theories help us more than those of any comparable thinker of our times to understand this.

—Home Service

Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia'

By FRANCIS WATSON

IT is nearly eighty years now since the Victorian reading public, with its marvellous appetite for prose and poetry, was presented with more than 4,000 lines of blank verse, in eight books, setting forth, as the opening words proclaim: 'The Scripture of the Saviour of the World, Lord Buddha'. In 1879—a poor year for masterpieces—*The Light of Asia* was received respectfully rather than cordially by the reviewers. And then it suddenly began to sell. In the next twenty years it achieved sixty editions in England and eighty in the United States. It was the first popular attempt to piece together a consecutive account of the life and some of the teachings of the founder of Buddhism, from the relatively slender materials available a century ago. And although subsequent scholarship has picked a number of holes in it, it is still true to say that most of us owe our impressions of the Buddha to this one long poem—even if we have never read it. It was composed, said the preface, 'in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual

knowledge of East and West'. The author, Edwin Arnold, was an eminent member of the writing staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with whom Matthew Arnold was later to find himself confused when lecturing in America. This distressed Matthew Arnold, for he was not related to Edwin, thought nothing of his poetry, and despised the *Daily Telegraph*.

At the London headquarters of the British Buddhist Society there is a painting of Sir Edwin Arnold—as he became—at the height of his renown. Clear-eyed and confident, with strongly marked cheek-lines from the bridge of a powerful nose, his breast adorned with the Siamese Order of the White Elephant and other exotic decorations, he looks more like a successful proconsul than a transmitter of recondite truths. He never, in fact, made any formal profession of Buddhism, though *The Light of Asia* made numbers of converts. In 1903, in the year before his death, he allowed his name to be included as an honorary member of the International Buddhist Society, newly formed in London. He became a vegetarian and he gave up blood-sports, which he had enjoyed

in his youth. After being twice bereaved he found a third wife from Japan, a land whose culture he extolled in travel articles, and especially the self-effacing charm and nobility of her women. But there he is in his picture, a solid Victorian worthy, traveller, yachtsman, acceptable guest at any table, easy talker on any subject: and if we want to place him theologically, it can only be as a latitudinarian. In his sixtieth year he followed up *The Light of Asia*, which had had a decade of immense success, with a verse rendering of the Christian Gospel, called *The Light of the World*, which was a relative failure. And H. M. Stanley thought he knew why it was a failure—it was Arnold, by the way, who had associated the *Daily Telegraph* with Stanley's expedition to complete the discoveries of Livingstone in central Africa. Stanley felt that Arnold believed in his subject when he wrote *The Light of Asia*, but not when he wrote *The Light of the World*. Stanley wrote in his diary:

His soul is not in his song, though there are beautiful passages in it; but it is the tone of an unbeliever. Alas for it!

Stanley may or may not have been right. I cannot honestly say that I know what Edwin Arnold believed in. He left no letters or diaries and he has not yet found a biographer. But it can at least be deduced from his writings that he was not an iconoclast of the stamp, say, of Winwood Reade, whose *Martrydom of Man* appeared a few years before *The Light of Asia*—and, like it, is still reprinted. He had none of the pessimism of the doubters on the darkling plain, where ignorant armies clash by night. He was a healthy, good-living optimist, too extroverted, no doubt, to penetrate the complex metaphysics of Buddhism that might have shaken his composure. He spoke of Buddhism often as 'the gentle faith', and it was his own gentleness, his amiability and imperturbable temper, that impressed those who knew him. The polemics of journalism were fierce enough in his day, and anonymity did not always screen Arnold from attack, but he seems to have made no personal enemies. From time to time he felt drawn into the philosophical debates of the age of Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer. His most notable incursion of this kind was an article contributed to *The Fortnightly* of 1885, which opened: 'Man is not by any means convinced yet of his immortality', and went on to offer persuasive reasons why he should be so convinced: but with little help from Christian revelation—or for that matter from Buddhism either.

Yet while the theologians and the scientists orated from fern-fringed platforms, while the new Sanskrit scholarship at Oxford and Cambridge supplied comparative religion with its texts and commentaries, Lucifer the light-bringer—and there were orthodox critics who afterwards saw him as Lucifer—was passing daily to and from his work in Fleet Street, composing *The Light of Asia* in the railway carriage, occasionally jotting something down on a small scrap of paper and committing the rest to a prodigious memory. In the end he was too busy to read the final proofs of the work which alone of all his lifelong word-spinning brought him lasting fame. How and where did this strange story begin?

The place is Poona, and the year is 1857, Mutiny year, not the best of years, one would have thought, for getting into cultural communication with India. Edwin Arnold, having won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford and done a little schoolmastering, spent four years in India—only four years—as Principal of the new Sanskrit Collège established by the Government at Poona. More than twenty-five years later Arnold converted some fragments of one of the *Upanishads* into a curious form of verse-dialogue called 'The Secret of Death', which he introduced in these words:

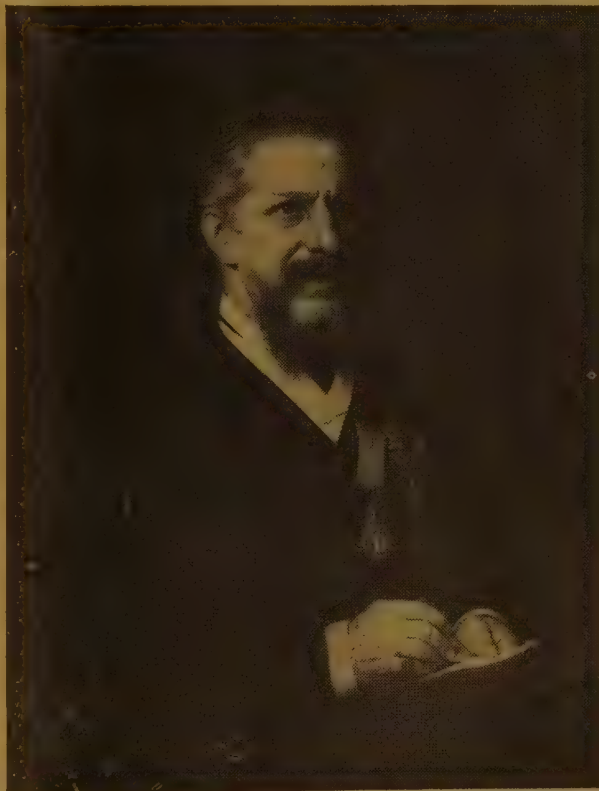
In a temple beside the river Moota-Moola, near the city of Poona, a Brahman priest and an English Saheb read together from a Sanskrit manuscript the first three vallis or lotus-stems of the *Katha Upanishad*.

That might be fanciful, but I do not think it was. I can quite easily believe that the college principal, blue-eyed and bearded, found by the

roadside, below the confluence of the two rivers at Poona, one of those small temples, brilliant with whitewash, its image daubed with red ochre, under the spreading branches of a tree which might or might not shelter a cobra among its roots; that the saheb saluted the still figure of the priest, took off his boots, climbed the worn steps and tried out his Marathi and his Sanskrit: that the priest thereupon invited him to be seated and shared with him, on many visits, the wisdom of the writings which he studied on separate, oblong sheets upon his knee. It all seems very natural, even if it was not very usual in the years just after the Mutiny. It seems particularly natural in the case of Edwin Arnold. The impact of the Indian scene was immediate, and it stayed with him into old age.

From the moment that he came over the Bhor Ghat and saw Poona lying below him between the russet hills, he was absorbing things: the birds and flowers, the scampering, striped squirrels, the grey old *pipal* trees, the mango-groves, the towering, strangely shaped ghats crowned with fortress or temple, the streams coming down from them, the belt of jungle where in his day tigers were still a danger, deep breaths of the morning air in camp, quiet evenings in his own garden in the circle of cane-chairs—every prospect pleased him. And, characteristically, on a visit to Ceylon many years afterwards, he did not allow Bishop Heber to go unreprieved for the notorious imputation that only man is vile. To Arnold the life of a Maharashtrian village, or a street of shopkeepers sitting beside their mounds of bright fruit, or sweets, or dyestuffs, or glazed images, were not simply picturesque material for letters to England or for his sketch-book (like so many Victorians he had a lifelong habit of dashing off sketches in pencil or watercolour or even oils); from the start he wanted to get to know these Indian people—their thoughts and feelings, their customs, their legends, the springs of their existence. Of those whom he had to teach he wrote breezily: 'I liked my dusky students, and wished sincerely to be good friends with them'.

Arnold obviously had the desire to learn as well as to teach, and to lose no time in doing so. His son recalled that he rapidly mastered the Sanskrit alphabet by writing it out and hanging it over his dressing-table. He had a life-long maxim of 'using the odd ten minutes'. In England he used to pull a volume of the classics—eastern or western—from his pocket as he waited



The portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold at the London headquarters of the British Buddhist Society

on station platforms. It does not sound like the contemplative approach which is often recommended for the pursuit of oriental wisdom, but it was the appetite that mattered, the receptiveness, and the astonishing powers of memory that went with it. In the years of his fame his Shakespeare-agent recorded that Arnold, if a line from any of Shakespeare's plays were quoted to him, could at once continue to the end of the scene. And it seems to be true that when he was taken in America to meet Walt Whitman he greatly moved the old and infirm poet by successfully offering to recite anything chosen from Whitman's voluminous works. What, then, had Arnold's eager and intelligent mind acquired of Buddhism when he left India in 1861? The answer must be, in all probability, very little.

The Brahmin expositor of the *Upanishads* would not have enlightened his pupil on the Buddha and his doctrines. A general respect for a legendary figure is all that Arnold could at this time be expected to have picked up. There are hundreds of abandoned Buddhist caves in western India, some of them accessible from Poona, but their systematic exploration was only just beginning. As for scriptures there was nothing in Sanskrit that would have been likely to come under Arnold's eye, and English research in Pali was nearly all in the future. Unless we understand this relative darkness, we shall miss something of the impact of *The Light of Asia* when it came. When Edwin Arnold returned to England in 1861 he did not bring back with him an exceptional knowledge of the Buddha. What those four years at Poona had given him

were a stimulus towards a hospitable rather than a critical orientalism and a great wealth of curious and happy impressions, so well stored that they could be used throughout the rest of his life.

How and why he gave up his work in India is not wholly clear. He had hoped that a boyhood friend of his—a mathematician—would join him in his teaching work at Poona. But the friend was killed at Agra in the Mutiny. That may have had something to do with it, or it may have been Mrs. Arnold's state of health. When he came home on leave, at all events, he answered an advertisement for a post on the writing staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was tried out with a leader on the Prusso-Danish situation, got the job, and in his first week wrote a leading article every evening. This was a hint of the sort of pace that the *Daily Telegraph* expected of its writers. George Augustus Sala found that Edwin Arnold could not only stand the pace, but at the same time brought his own distinctive contribution: what Sala called 'refined scholarship, eloquent diction, and oriental exuberance of epithets'. Arnold, in fact, stood the pace for nearly forty years and never gave anyone the impression, even lightheartedly, that he thought himself a galley-slave. He gave no hint of frustration, of having a soul above his job, of longing for the leisure to fulfil himself in poetry. He just went on writing poetry at the same time, sometimes at the same desk in his Fleet Street office, when something like, say, a deed that won the V.C. or the death of a public figure called for instant commemoration in both prose and verse. But it was not all headline poetry, by any means. He also published translations from Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and German, and renderings of Indian songs, tales, and poems from several languages besides Sanskrit. Practically none of these poems has earned effective survival. And, frankly, it is not easy to see why they should—although when the author read them in his fine voice to American audiences, in the great days of that type of entertainment, he had a warm success.

The Story of the Buddha

That was after his name had been made by *The Light of Asia*, which proved so mysteriously capable of bringing out the best of his talents. It was written partly at a country house in Essex, with young children romping in the same room—one of them testified that Arnold never had that almost essential Victorian chamber, a 'study'—and partly on those odd scraps of paper on his daily journeys to and from his office. Rather naturally there are loose ends, halting lines, heaviness and repetitions here and there; and some of those who were alarmed by his exposition of non-Christian doctrines were able at the same time to find fault with his prosody. But there they are: eight books that tell the story of Prince Siddhartha who became Gautama the Buddha—the legendary birth, luxurious preventive detention in his father's palace with his wife Yasodhara, the chance encounter with death and suffering, the great renunciation, the failure of the ascetic path, the night of inner wrestling under the Bodhi tree that ended with the supreme enlightenment, the sermon in the deer park, the long years of ever-widening ministry, until at last:

The dew is on the lotus!—Rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om mane padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
The dewdrop slips into the shining Sea!

Coming back to it recently, I asked myself why it was so easy and so pleasurable to read this long poem which at so few points becomes verbally memorable. There is the abundant use of the local colour with which Arnold's eyes remained filled long after he had left India. There is a much more skilful treatment than he usually achieved of unfamiliar names and Sanskrit words, though for many people this may be like the Carpenter's butter, spread too thick. But, above all, there is a superb theme: compassion, self-dedication, intellectual adventure, in a simple, dramatic narrative of one man. The miracles and legends are there, or some of them. At intervals the air is full of supernatural voices. The sensual beguilements of the palace begin to take us back to the exaggerated romanticism of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. But the situation is the predicament of individual man, and the daring attempt to cut through it for the sake of all humankind, to find the answer, to escape the turning wheel.

For most readers the story was new. It was thirty years since F. D. Maurice had brought out his book on the *Religions of the World*, and gradually the use of the word religion in the plural had ceased to be shocking. Yet still the recognition of India as the soil of great ideas had something remote about it, something academic. It was apt to be presented, for those who were ready to listen, in baffling inter-

pretations of the abstract—such things as Emerson, for example, had attempted in his poem *Brahmah*: 'if the Red Slayer think he slays', and so on, a passage which Arnold himself had rendered much less impressively. And then there was that lingering demonic aspect of oriental religion—the vague notion of ferocious deities, contorted images, and dark doings behind temple-walls which was so difficult to harmonise with the lofty flights revealed in the western discovery of the Vedanta. You remember De Quincey's opium-nightmare: 'Vishnu hated me, Shiva lay in wait for me'. Or Ruskin's picture—just after the Mutiny—of the Indians encompassed by their own spectral images, without natural joy in the life of field and stream and sky. These were ideas—the impossibly abstract and the unpleasantly devilish—which I believe people wanted to escape from. The Buddha story, and Arnold's way of telling it, gave them the means of doing so. It was human, and it was humane. Doctrinal passages there are, but doctrinal obstacles are not stressed in *The Light of Asia*. The difficult concept of Nirvana (which appalled that very honest missionary Spence Hardy, whose remarkable book, *A Manual of Buddhism in its Modern Development*, was certainly Arnold's main source) becomes in *The Light of Asia* 'nameless quiet, nameless joy', 'sinless, stirless rest', 'the change which never changes'. In many respects Buddhism could be seen through this poem as a mirror for Christians. In others it seemed to fortify the agnostic and even to reconcile the new scientific rationalism. The English-speaking world was peculiarly ready for it.

Naturally, Arnold enjoyed success. He travelled and wrote and became a sought-after speaker. In the winter of 1885-86 he at last went back to India, was wonderfully received there and in Ceylon, visited Buddhist sites and remains which he had never seen before, and reprinted his articles in a travel-book which is still worth reading. He went to Japan, where he was as receptive and responsive as he had always been. Not only his choice of a Japanese wife but his play *Adzuma* of 1893 and his influence on Lafcadio Hearn are witnesses to that. There is just a hint that he sometimes chafed at the reputation he had so energetically earned as the expositor of eastern life and thought: that he found it limiting. In 1888 he collected a quantity of his verse under one of the odder titles in English literature: *Poems National and Non-Oriental*. But it failed to dispel the legend. Was it, indeed, an excess of orientalism that stood between Arnold and the succession to Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate? He duly wrote the long obituary of Tennyson for the *Daily Telegraph*. When Alfred Austin was appointed he sent his congratulations, in which he did not try to hide his feeling that he had been passed over.

I will end with a single example of—what shall I say?—the properties of reflected light. In the eighteen-nineties Arnold was the vice-president of a vegetarian club in Bayswater—the president, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, died only a few years ago. The secretary was an Indian, to whom Arnold gave a copy not of *The Light of Asia* but of his verse-translation of the great Hindu Scripture of the *Bhagavad Gita*. The Indian had never read this work before, even in his own country, but it became one of the guiding forces of his life. His name was Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.—*Third Programme*

Disguises

Always we have believed
We can change overnight,
Put a different look on the face,
Old passions out of sight:
And find new days relieved
Of all that we regretted,
But something always stays
And will not be outwitted.

Say we put on dark glasses,
Wear different clothes and walk
With a new unpractised stride—
Always somebody passes
Undeceived by disguises
Or the different way we talk.
And we, who could have defied
Anything if it was strange,
Have nowhere we can hide
From those who refuse to change.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Charles Bradlaugh, a Victorian in Revolt

The last talk on three non-conventionalists by A. P. RYAN

WE pride ourselves as a people on being tolerant. But, if you look back into our history, you will find that tolerance on any given controversial point gets weaker or stronger as the climate of public opinion changes. It is much easier to be tolerant about things that do not arouse fierce passions. Today, for instance, few of us are so certain that we are right in our views on religion and on sex that we feel justified in persecuting the other chap who differs from us. But few trade unionists are prepared to tolerate a fellow worker with a conscientious objection to joining a union or going out on strike. I remind you of this to show that in every period there are limits to the toleration that the average man will allow to be respectable.

My subject here is a Victorian rebel who tried the patience of his contemporaries to such an extent that for years he was a notorious figure. His name was Charles Bradlaugh and his revolt against Victorian ways of thinking took three forms. He was a free thinker—an atheist. He was a republican who attacked the royal family in vulgarly abusive language. He advocated the spreading among the masses of knowledge of contraceptives and birth control. No three points of difference from ordinary opinion could have been found to strike our great-grandfathers in more tender parts of their consciences. So, naturally, Bradlaugh led a stormy life. He was incessantly in court and he turned the House of Commons into a bear garden on a number of occasions spread over nearly six years. And yet he found passionate defenders among men who abhorred the opinions he was propagating. The readiness of some of those great Victorians to practise the tolerance that they preached, even when the shoe pinched them most painfully, is, I think, a lesson to us.

Bradlaugh turned rebel in his boyhood. His father was a lawyer's clerk who brought up seven children on, at most, 25s. a week, and who could write the Lord's Prayer clearly and distinctly in the small space of a sixpence. Young Charles early got into trouble with a clergyman who was outraged by the questions he asked when he was being prepared for Confirmation and who branded him as an atheist. The little Bradlaugh, at this early stage of his career, always reminds me of G. K. Chesterton's verses about John Grubby who was short and stout, and troubled with religious doubt, and who, at the age of three, refused to sit upon the curate's knee. Bradlaugh was a bit older than that and neither short nor stout—except in the sense that he was a stout little free thinker. This kept him away from church and gave him an early taste for attending open-air meetings where Chartists and free thinkers held forth, and it led to a row at home. The family hung texts up in the little house in Bacchus Walk, Hoxton: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God', and so forth.

Charles ran away, took the Queen's Shilling, and served for several years as a private in the Seventh Dragoon Guards until an old aunt died and his family bought him out with her legacy. He made a good but a strange cavalry soldier. He came on to the boat which was to take him to Ireland, where the regiment was stationed, wearing a top-hat and having a Greek lexicon and an Arabic dictionary in his bag. Other recruits, taking a 'non-U' line, played football with this high-brow luggage. But Bradlaugh soon established himself as a popular figure. He was, at that time, a teetotaler and a great tea drinker, and this, combined with his zest for reading, won him the nickname in

barracks of 'Leaves'. The other men helped him to get out at night so that he could speak at anti-drink meetings in the town. Once a clergyman annoyed the Dragoons by saying that his sermon was beyond the understanding of the military part of his congregation. Bradlaugh wrote him a letter, tearing his sermon to shreds. Next Sunday, the Dragoons on church parade listened attentively for a reply from the preacher. A rough one came, but it was drowned by the unhooking of 300 swords and their crashing in unison on the floor of the church.

Back in civil life, Bradlaugh plunged into a hectic career of public speaking and writing in support of his three unpopular causes. He had a flair for defending himself in the most intricate legal cases, and lawyers to this day have the greatest respect for him. In this he may remind you of Horatio Bottomley, to whom, in face, he bore an astonishing resemblance. Indeed, it often used to be said that Bottomley was Bradlaugh's son. But he was not, and, except for skill in court, they had nothing in common. Bottomley was a stocky, flabby, impudent rogue. Bradlaugh was a big fellow, well over six feet and well able to hold his own in frequent rough houses in Hyde Park and up and down the country. And above all, for all his truculence, he was perfectly sincere, indifferent to money, and a family man who was adored by his children. His wife broke up what had started as a very happy home by taking to drink and dying young of alcoholism. I know of no sadder or more convincing tribute in biography than that one of Bradlaugh's daughters wrote in memory of her parents, both of whom she dearly loved.

Bradlaugh reached the climax of his notoriety when he was elected to parliament as one of the two Radical members for Northampton. The other one was Labouchère, a witty, man-of-the-worldly journalist, who used, with a twinkle in his eye, to describe himself as the 'Christian member for Northampton'. Bradlaugh's election upset the even tenor of parliament in a big way. He asked to be excused from taking the oath and to be permitted to affirm instead. A few years before he had had a good deal to do with getting the oath in the Courts of Law changed, so as to allow unbelievers to give evidence. The parliamentary oath had also been changed to let in Roman Catholics, Jews, and others. It had been reduced to 'So help me, God', and several well-known and highly respected non-Christians had swallowed it in one form or another. John Stuart Mill had been prepared to swear on the true faith of a Christian. Morley, a rationalist, had come in without trouble. But Bradlaugh's outspoken views were only too well known. How, ordinary people asked, could so blatant an atheist insult the House by taking the name of God in vain? If the law had consented to let him get round it with an affirmation, all would have been well. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of Mr. Gladstone, who was Prime Minister, this proved impossible. A common informer proceeded against Bradlaugh and the House of Lords ruled against affirmation. Bradlaugh tried repeatedly to take the oath, arguing that the electors of Northampton sent him to Westminster and he must protect their interests even at the expense of reciting a formula that would be meaningless on his lips.

He would probably have got away with it had there not been in the House, opposed to Mr. Gladstone, and looking eagerly for some excuse to pull the Grand Old Man's leg, one of the cleverest masters of parliamentary tactics who has ever sat. This was Lord Randolph



'Mr. Bradlaugh at the bar of the House of Commons': after a painting by Sickert

Churchill—Sir Winston Churchill's father. He saw a golden opportunity. He could identify Mr. Gladstone with atheism, blasphemy, republicanism, and birth control. Again and again Lord Randolph brought the business of the House to a standstill. The famous Fourth Party emerged from the Bradlaugh affair. On one occasion, when Bradlaugh was trying to swear on a New Testament, Lord Randolph rose and read an extract from one of Bradlaugh's books called *The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick* beginning 'I loathe these small German breast-bastarded wanderers'. At the end of this onslaught on the royal family, Lord Randolph, who always had a marvellous sense of the dramatic, flung the book on the floor of the House and stamped on it.

Bradlaugh had provided the wicked Lord Randolph—I mean wicked, of course, in the cheerful, playboy sense—with an embarrassment of riches in the way of ammunition to fire at the Liberal front bench in general and at the venerable figure of Mr. Gladstone in particular. For Lord Randolph was able to rake up Bradlaugh's terrible past not only in connection with atheism and the Queen, the Prince of Wales and all the royal family, but also on the then shocking theme of birth control. Bradlaugh had even shocked his allies in the free-thinking camp by his determination to bring home to the Victorian public that the doubts and fears about population which Malthus had drawn attention to were becoming more and more important issues. A few years before Bradlaugh got into parliament, he had worked in team with Mrs. Annie Besant with whom he had deliberately and successfully courted prosecution. A book by an American physician with the mild-sounding title *Fruits of Philosophy: an essay on the Population Question* was condemned by the law as being indecent because it went too much into details about the facts of sex. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant republished this work. It was in vain for the free thinkers to protest that they were unpopular enough already through their attitude to religion and that the last thing they wanted was to lay themselves open to the charge of advocating free love as well as free thought. Bradlaugh was unmoved. 'The struggle for a free press', he maintained, 'has been one of the marks of the free-thought party throughout its history, and as long as the party permits me to hold its flag, I will never voluntarily lower it'. He and Mrs. Besant waved the flag in court in a highly publicised case. They were found guilty, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a £200 fine. They were released pending an appeal and, ultimately, the indictment against them was quashed by the court of appeal because of a technical flaw in its wording.

But the horrid stigma remained, and Lord Randolph took full advantage of it.

Poor Mr. Gladstone was torn apart. He hated atheism with all the vehemence of a man for whom the Church of England meant more than anything else in this world. But his high sense of duty compelled him to recognise the right of others to differ from him. One of his speeches in defence of Bradlaugh included a tremendous quotation in Latin from the Roman poet Lucretius, and was called the noblest effort of human oratory that had been heard in the House. But Lord Randolph won the division by three votes. Bradlaugh, in the course of this protracted brawl, was locked in the clock tower. Mrs. Annie Thornton, a carpet mender in the House, recalled that 'we servants, if we had had our way, would have made him more comfortable'. He was considerate, she said, in every little action. He never flung his cigar ends away, but put them on a ledge. On another occasion it took a posse of policemen with the help of attendants to eject him, struggling to the last, from the House of Commons. He was never backward in a fight. In Trafalgar Square once, not having forgotten his cavalry training, he rode a horse up the steps and beat up with his whip a gang of roughs, who were throwing flints at him.

At long last, a new parliament, with a new Speaker, let him take his seat without any more fuss. Members were tired of the six years' war. Soon after, an act was passed allowing Members to affirm. Bradlaugh sat until his death in the early 'nineties, and Asquith, who was a member at the time, described him as being most effective and efficient. Finally, as a token of respect for him, the House expunged the stormy records from their books. By then, Bradlaugh was dying. He had a strictly secular funeral. All the same, it was not without its ritualistic side. Thousands came down by train to Brookwood. Soldiers were there in red coats, and some hundreds of Hindus, for Bradlaugh had been to India and been well liked there. Many of the mourners threw into the grave the little tricolour rosettes they had worn in the old fighting days with their leader.

The controversies that Bradlaugh aroused may seem rather faded today. The House of Commons would not now experience an ecstatic transport of excitement, as Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Queen it was doing at one o'clock on a summer morning, if it knew that it had a militant atheist in its midst. But can we claim that most, or even some of us, are, nowadays, as ready to fight for toleration of principle as Mr. Gladstone was and those other Victorians were? I doubt it. George Lansbury once said that Bradlaugh was a man who believed in the right of the individual to advocate unpopular things and to defy convention. That is a true verdict, and I for one admire Bradlaugh in spite of his truculence and all the nonsense he talked.

—Home Service

The Generous Creed—IV

Liberal Economics

By ASA BRIGGS

POLITICAL ECONOMY', remarked the English Liberal politician Robert Lowe in 1870, 'belongs to no nation, it is of no country. It is founded on the attributes of the human mind, and no power can change it'. The confident dogmatism of this assertion reminds us—if we were in danger of forgetting it—that Liberalism has enjoyed its certainties as well as its open questions, its mood of fixed faith as well as its propensity to criticise and its willingness to tolerate disagreement.

Liberals have always rendered greater homage to economic laws than to the customs of their ancestors or the commands of their rulers. They were indeed, at least in their own eyes, the original discoverers of fundamental economic laws. The great generation of liberal economists, who followed in the wake of Adam Smith, were the first students of society to separate the economic problem from its social context and to attempt to examine it systematically. They were 'worldly philosophers', who passed from description to analysis and frequently from analysis to action. By directing attention to the laws of the market, they helped to modify the laws of the state. They held, indeed, that in general the intervention of the state in economic life was more likely to produce harm than good and that a system of economic freedom was incomparably superior in its implications for human happiness to a system of political restraint and regulation, however well-intentioned. But they

held this view as expansionists and often as crusaders rather than as advocates of vested interests.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century, when their views had spread from country to country and had acquired something of the established sanctity of an orthodoxy, they looked to enlightened public opinion to create a new international economic order, in which economic and moral laws would coincide at the highest level. Just as competition would enliven the internal economy and provide the foundation of a new social order, so commerce between countries would provide 'the grand panacea which, like beneficent medical discovery, will serve to inoculate with the healthy and saving taste for civilisation all the nations of the world'. Wealth and not power was the key to progress; and the laws of wealth had been proclaimed as well as discovered by men who were proud to call themselves Liberals.

It was a proud faith and a simple faith that moved railways. It also built textile mills, defied landowners, and resisted combinations of workmen; but its simplicity was as illusory and deceptive as the apparent political simplicity of Gladstonian Liberalism. However much Lowe might dogmatise, Liberal political economy in 1870 lacked the certainty or the finality that he ascribed to it. Indeed, it never had been one single philosophy of economics. There were at least three strands that only made up one rope when politicians were pulling it.

The first strand was utilitarian in origin: it did not base opposition to government intervention on a belief in a *priori laissez-faire*. The most consistent utilitarian Liberals were usually anxious to distinguish themselves from those vulgar economists who carried the *laissez-faire* system to extremes. As the classical economist McCulloch put it in 1848, 'The principle of *laissez-faire* may be safely trusted to in some things, but in many others it is wholly inapplicable; and to appeal to it on all occasions savours more of the policy of a parrot than of a statesman or philosopher'. Sound economic development needed busy bees, not prattling parrots. It was the duty of government, in a modern-sounding phrase of Nassau Senior, 'to do whatever is conducive to the welfare of the governed'. 'It appears to me that the most fatal of all errors', Senior went on, 'would be the general admission of the proposition that a government has no right to interfere for any purpose except for that of affording protection, for such an admission would be preventing our profiting by experience, and even from acquiring it'.

Significant Differences in One Framework

What McCulloch and Senior were saying is very different from the doctrinaire nonsense that many historical simplifiers have put into their mouths. The classical liberal economists were often dogmatic, but they could be pragmatic too. And one of the most distinguished amongst them, John Stuart Mill, who wrote a chapter of his *Principles of Political Economy* called '*Laissez-faire—the General Rule*', sternly rebuked Lowe in 1868 for exalting *laissez-faire* into a universal and established principle of political economy. He went further. 'The function of Political Economy', he contended, 'is to find the rules which ought to govern any state of circumstances, which are never the same in any two cases. I do not know in Political Economy a single practical rule that must be applicable to all cases'. Lowe was rebuked, but did not shift his ground, as his utterance of 1870 demonstrated. He no doubt felt that for all the strictures he was a more steadfast Utilitarian—and Liberal—than Mill. The continued distance between their viewpoints reflects the significant differences which could exist within even one framework of Liberal political and economic argument.

Utilitarianism, however, was only one Liberal framework, or, to revert to the earlier metaphor, only one strand. A second strand was connected more with the Physiocrats of the eighteenth century than with Adam Smith, or, more accurately, with a continental as distinct from a British version of Liberalism. French writers like François Quesnay were the first to maintain that the greatest satisfaction of wants for all members of a society, taken together, will result if conditions of perfect competition prevail and everyone is allowed to act freely according to his own individual self-interest. This contention, which was accepted in its essentials by many writers who argued from different premises, was never submitted to proof. Indeed, as Schumpeter has written, 'it did not seem to Quesnay to stand in need of explicit proof'. He manifestly thought that if every individual strives to realise maximum satisfaction every individual will achieve maximum satisfaction. In time this self-evident proposition became an indispensable prop of much nineteenth-century thinking about society.

What Quesnay said, others echoed and elaborated. There were many British Liberals who held as an article of faith in the middle years of the nineteenth century that the two principles of personal interest and free competition, 'which may be judged sceptically if they are considered in separation, together create social harmony by their mutual interaction'. Indeed, so intense and self-demonstrative was this faith that most superficial critics of nineteenth-century Liberal economics have assumed in retrospect that it was the only strand in mid-Victorian liberalism. They have felt that if they could break that strand the whole rope would snap, forgetting all the classical economists' provisos and remarks, like those of Senior, about 'profiting from experience and even acquiring it'.

'Ledgers and Mill Chimneys'

There was, in fact, a third strand in nineteenth-century Liberal approaches to economics, a strand which was linked with the world of business rather than with the world of learning. It had little to do with either utility or natural law, but a great deal to do with ledgers and mill chimneys. It is impossible to do justice to the blend of qualities in Victorian Liberalism if Mill is put in and Cobden left out, or if McCulloch is given priority over Gladstone.

The origins of practical economic Liberalism can be traced back not only to the eighteenth-century world of ideas, but to the increasingly articulate interests of a new group of industrialists who disliked public

restraints and did not seek public favours. As early as 1788 Manchester merchants were maintaining that 'any attempt to restrain the freedom of the commerce of the country' should be opposed. The subsequent emergence in the nineteenth century of the Manchester School, particularly as a result of the operations of the Anti-Corn Law League, brought a long historical process to the surface of national history.

The Liberal economics of the Manchester School should not be confounded with the Liberal economics of men like McCulloch and Senior, although the two theories often produced blends or hybrids. Politicians like Bright, who considered legislative interference with the labour market to be as dangerous as protection of corn, argued just as unflinchingly as Lowe that '*law* must be founded on broad and general principles, such as are consistent with political economy'. Although the full Liberal programme of Bright was never realised, his ideas about individual initiative were buttressed by Gladstone's financial system. Fiscal obstacles to private economic activity and competition were removed by keeping public expenditure and taxation low, by reducing the functions of the state to a minimum, by maintaining a small defence establishment, and by pursuing a cheap foreign policy. The annual Budget was the hallmark of good government housekeeping—not of national economic development—and Robert Lowe with customary tartness was even prepared to define the Chancellor of the Exchequer as 'an animal that ought to have a surplus'.

Lowe and his Simplicities

Back we come, then, to Lowe and his simplicities. I have tried to show how far from simple they were historically, what a tangled undergrowth lay beyond many of the twentieth-century generalisations about nineteenth-century Liberal *laissez-faire*. But there was much more to the story than this. Simple non-interventionist Liberalism, with its underlying belief in the freedom of the market, had never been popular with traditionalist supporters of the pre-industrial order and of pre-industrial values, or with many spokesmen of the world of labour, who disliked both the theory and practice of competition and the Liberal emphasis on 'the economic man'. By 1870 it was clear that Liberals themselves were uneasy about the implications of economic freedom and concerned about trends in official legislation. Lowe might believe, as he told the Political Economy Club of London in 1876 at the centenary celebrations of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, that the 'great work' in political economy had been done, but another speaker, William Newmarch, warned the faithful that 'the wholesome spontaneous operation of human interests and human desires seems to be in course of rapid supersession by the erection of one Government department after another, by the setting up of one set of inspectors after another'.

Worse still, many Liberals, particularly those influenced by T. H. Green, seemed to be welcoming rather than resisting the dangerous process which in any case had been begun by utilitarians even before trade itself had been freed. They did not wish to be thought of as inhuman advocates of *laissez-faire*. In 1870 J. E. Cairnes, who summed up many orthodox classical Liberal doctrines, strongly objected to the view that 'freedom of enterprise and of contract' were in themselves a sufficient solution of all industrial problems. Six years later, in an inaugural lecture at University College, London, Professor Jevons demanded—to remedy the deficiencies and misconceptions—the creation of 'a new branch of political and statistical science which shall carefully investigate the limits to the *laissez-faire* principle and show where we want greater freedom and where less'.

These important changes in the intellectual milieu of the eighteen-seventies communicated themselves, with a few real resistances, to the younger men of a new generation. 'When I went up to Oxford', wrote Lord Milner of the early eighteen-seventies, 'the *laissez-faire* theory still held the field. All the recognised authorities were "orthodox" economists of the old school. But within ten years the few men who still held the old doctrines in their extreme rigidity had come to be regarded as curiosities'.

The intellectual changes of the eighteen-seventies were followed by large-scale social and political changes in the eighteen-eighties. The extension of the electorate led, as Lowe had feared, to the staking of new claims, some of which seemed to conflict sharply with the old principles of 'political economy'. As Joseph Chamberlain, the candid interpreter of new electoral forces put it in 1885, 'ideas and wants and claims which have hitherto been ignored in legislation will find a voice in parliament and will compel the attention of statesmen'. Against this background a new, positive, expensive Liberal radicalism was taking shape within the Liberal Party, designed to appeal to the

new electorate. Sidney Webb, with considerable exaggeration, could talk of the Liberal Party 'definitely discarding the Individualistic *Laissez-Faire*, upon which, as a middle-class organisation, it was so largely founded, and with every approach towards democracy becoming more socialist in character'.

The so-called 'new Liberalism', about which Professor Burn talked*, was the product, then, of pressures both in the world of thought and the world of action. It did not emerge ready-made, but was somewhat tentatively fashioned under the influence of men like Toynbee, who spoke of 'controlling competition by positive laws and institutions'—thereby reversing earlier priorities—and of men like Booth, who set about exploring the background of poverty in an ostensibly wealthy society. 'The problem of distribution', claimed Toynbee, 'is the true problem of Political Economy at the present time', and many Liberal writers in the following two decades showed that they shared his pre-occupation. The way was prepared for Lloyd George to wave aloft Seebohm Rowntree's massive study of *Poverty* on the political platform.

The full story of the transition from the old to the new Liberalism has never yet been told—far more research needs to be done on it—but three points about it are already clear. First, it was associated with an increasing individual sensitivity about society. The growth of what was called vaguely 'socialism' cannot be divorced from the history of nineteenth-century middle-class individualism. The manifestations of a new sensitivity were associated with a late-Victorian revolt against many of the social and psychological conventions of the middle years of the century. J. A. Hobson claimed that 'a movement along the lines of the strongest human feeling' was the most important force leading towards greater state intervention. Thinking—including researching—and feeling went together. As the Master of Balliol, Edward Caird, told the undergraduate William Beveridge, 'when you have learned all that Oxford can teach you, then one thing that needs doing is to go and discover why, with so much wealth in Britain, there continues to be so much poverty and how poverty can be cured'. It comes as no surprise in reading Beveridge's account of his life that soon after he had become Sub-Warden of Toynbee Hall—one of the great visible links with the movement of the eighteen-eighties—he wrote that the Hall represented 'simply a protest against the sin of taking things for granted, in particular taking one's own social position or conditions for granted'.

Welfare in the Centre of the Picture

The second point about the transition is a very different one. The emergence of a new Liberalism, which put welfare in the centre of the picture, abandoned Gladstonian finance, and even surrendered many of the laws of political economy, must be related not only to conscience but to tactics. The Liberal Party at the turn of the century had to look to the working-class voter, to abandon many of its favourite issues, and to turn instead to the maldistribution of wealth and the existence of chronic poverty and unemployment. When, in 1900, Balfour told the House of Commons that 'the time is not propitious for any domestic reforms which involve a large expenditure', Campbell Bannerman complained that the electorate would not long tolerate government inaction in relation to old-age pensions and overcrowded and insanitary dwellings. Although, in the following few years, Liberalism harked back to the eighteen-forties as much as it looked forward to the nineteen-forties, when the triumphant Liberal government of 1906 came into power it was compelled to give priority to the new Liberal economics. 'England must be less of a pleasure ground for the rich and more of a treasure house for the nation', the Prime Minister declared.

There appears, then, to be a sharp contrast between the old Liberalism and the new, particularly in the approach to economics and in the statement of the relationship between the individual and the state. In fact, the contrast can be exaggerated, as it frequently has been for the sake of dramatic effect. There were differences, which were often more than differences of emphasis, and some of them led to divergences and even deviations from Liberalism all together. But there were, in addition, significant elements of continuity and reconciliation. The third point about the transition from the old Liberalism to the new was that to many Liberals themselves, then and since, it merely seemed like a necessary adaptation of old principles to a changing industrial and political environment.

Professor Burn showed in his talk how J. A. Hobson attempted to achieve a reconciliation. Hobson chose Cobden instead of Gladstone as the archetype of nineteenth-century Liberalism and argued that since Cobden had supported restrictions on child labour, because children were obviously unequal in bargaining strength, so he would have gone

on to support state action in other fields where Labour's bargaining power was unequal. In other words, once the real issues had been aired, Cobden would have become a limited collectivist. There is an element of sophistry in this argument, but it would have rung more true had Hobson chosen some of the more orthodox political economists of the early nineteenth century as his archetype and not Richard Cobden. He could hardly do that, since he prided himself on his own economic unorthodoxy. But it is clear that in some of the doctrines of the orthodox economists and above all in the writings of John Stuart Mill there is a key to a long-term Liberal reconciliation. As early as 1833, Mill wrote to Carlyle—one of the most strident critics of all sorts of Liberal economics, indeed of all sorts of political economy—that 'the principle of *laissez-faire*, like other negative (principles) has work to do yet, namely work of a destroying kind, and I am glad to think that it has strength left to finish that, after which it must soon expire: peace be with its ashes when it does expire, for I doubt much whether it will reach the resurrection'.

Constructive Work Beginning

It was possible, easy indeed, for a 'new' Liberal of the early twentieth century to argue that the work of destruction had ended and the work of construction was beginning. He might even regard the defence of older Liberal attitudes as a form of economic conservatism. He did not need, however, to see the two phases as contradictory: indeed, most of the new Liberals, who turned towards construction, were anxious that their shift in activity should not undermine old principles. Above all, it should not destroy but rather develop individuality and it should not break up but rather render more efficient the system of private enterprise.

From a vantage-point in the middle of the twentieth century, we can see that it was Keynes and not the Liberals of the early transition, who achieved the most effective long-term reconciliation in an age when mass unemployment, the growth of monopolistic control in industry and the return of protection had changed the contours of the nineteenth-century world. In a well-known essay of 1925, called 'Am I a Liberal?' Keynes urged the Liberal Party to 'emancipate itself from the deadwood of the past'. He did not, however, commit himself to the view that the Liberal economic doctrines of the past were wrong in the conditions which gave birth to them. They had simply ceased to be applicable to modern conditions. In other words, Keynes was merely claiming for the Liberal Party that same degree of tactical and, if need be, philosophical resilience which is always taken for granted by the Conservative Party. Keynes' persistent economic Liberalism in a non-Liberal twentieth century deserves to be stressed. Previous speakers in this series have carefully diagnosed what in their view were the reasons for the failure of Liberalism to maintain its hold on a twentieth-century mass electorate. I would like to put into the final reckoning the capacity of Liberalism to maintain its hold on Britain's greatest twentieth-century economist. I ought to add in conclusion, however, that just as the economic attitudes of nineteenth-century Liberals seemed to point in two or even three directions at the same time, so the ideas of Keynes have been the inspiration of many non-Liberal and even anti-Liberal thinkers. It is tempting, in consequence, to consider all Liberal attitudes to economics as schizophrenic in character, or, to use a rather more gentle metaphor, to say that Liberals have always provided a leaven of economic ideas in society, which has enabled other men—even their opponents—to speculate more daringly.

—Third Programme

Drowned Hopes

(After Paul Verlaine's *Ariettes Oubliées*, No. IX)

Tree-shadows in the misty water's flow
Waver like smoke and go;
While in the living branches high above
Laments the turtle-dove.

See, traveller, mirrored in this wan landscape
Your own wan, wasted shape;
How sadly too in leafy aerie weep
Your hopes now drowned so deep!

BRIAN HILL

Art

In Honour of James Cook

By OLIVER WARNER

OF the three most celebrated English circumnavigators, Drake, Anson, and Cook, it is worth remarking that only Cook returned home without fighting, and without negotiable treasure packed into the hold of his ship. Drake's was not a public venture: what backing he had from the government of Elizabeth I was under the rose. Anson was expected to meet attack from the Spaniards, whom it became his business to harry. Cook's quest was, from first to last, exploratory. The gain expected from each of his three voyages was in knowledge. If it befell that this knowledge led to the material benefit of his country, so much the better, for he was a professional sea officer in the employment of George III.

Posterity, though appreciative of Cook's merits, has realised his stature slowly. It is true that he is publicly commemorated in London, but for every glance skywards toward's Baily's image of Nelson in Trafalgar Square there is certainly not a corresponding curiosity directed to Brock's representation of the explorer, which stands just on the other side of the Admiralty Arch. It was, indeed, put up as recently as 1914. Moreover, it is only at this very time that the first adequate edition of what Cook recorded about his travels is at last under way, sponsored by the Hakluyt Society and helped by the generosity of the Government of New Zealand and the Pilgrim Trust. Recognition of the value of what Cook saw was quick enough: he himself has had to wait longer for adequate assessment. It is not that his life lacked interest, but sensation of any kind made no appeal to one who preferred fact to theory, who scorned to strike attitudes or to appear other than a plain countryman, and who was never touched by scandal.

In an exhibition called 'The Little Admiral', mounted last year, the National Maritime Museum marked the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Trafalgar by showing some superlative material. This has now been followed by one which is intended to illustrate the career of a man who has been called, without exaggeration, 'the greatest explorer of his age, and the greatest maritime explorer of his country in any age', a pioneer whose memorial was the map of the Pacific. From a geographical point of view, the current exhibition has an historical interest so evident as to need no emphasis, but there is at least one aspect which should please a wider public. This is pictorial.

Cook was fortunate with his artists. Although, on his first voyage, the landscape painter, Alexander Buchan, died at Tahiti, it was not before he had made sketches of much value. Sydney Parkinson, a botanical draughtsman in the retinue of Sir Joseph Banks, also made the voyage and became increasingly versatile through force of circumstance. On the second navigation, when Cook was without the stimulus of Banks, he had the services of William Hodges, which were of consistent merit. On the third he had with him John Webber, who achieved, as a fortunate aside, one of the most revealing portraits of Cook in existence. It is not a Greenwich picture, but belongs to the National

Portrait Gallery. It tells us more about Cook than anything except his own writing.

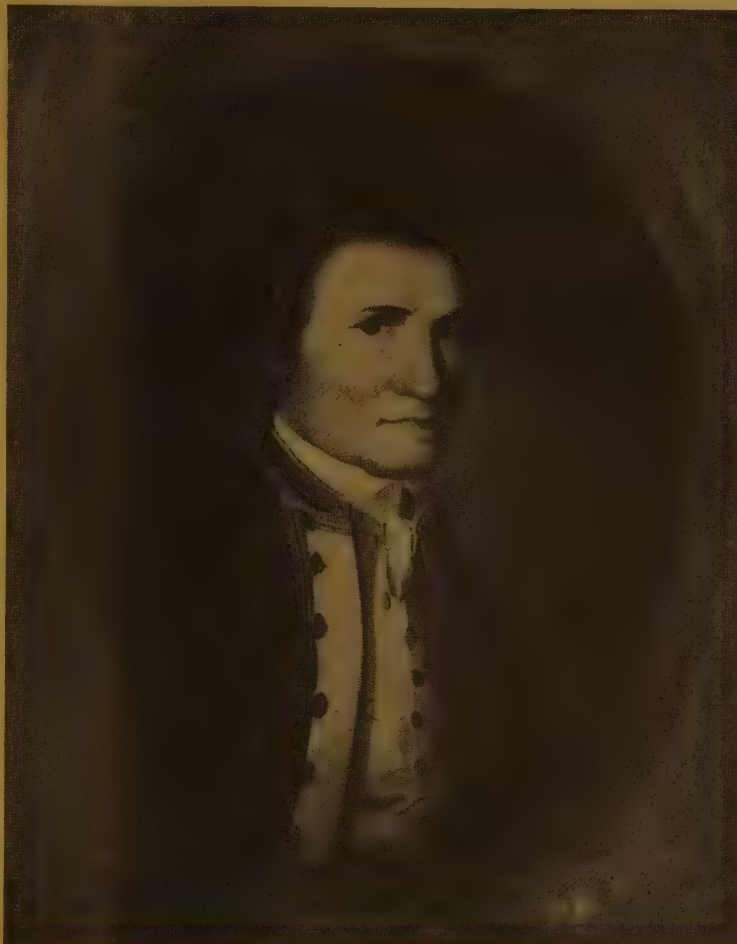
Everything pictorial in the Greenwich exhibition is worth attention. A distant, lovely world is seen—the very first series of graphic recordings of what was, for our ancestors, an astonishing new world. The pictures were, in their very contrasting way, as exciting as those, now in the British Museum, which were made in Virginia by John White nearly two centuries before. Nothing now seems odder than the way in

which the scholars and theorists of Cook's own time spun a web of classical fantasy about what had been seen in the Pacific. Not that everyone was deceived, even among the sophisticated, as to the true nature of the Polynesian. No one need have been, had they looked carefully at the accurate sketches designed to record not merely the events but the background of the voyages. None of Cook's artists worked to preconceived notions. They drew what they saw, and wonderful it was. It has not lost its charm, though the world has since been fed to satiety with South Sea fantasy of an even more nonsensical kind than that of the eighteenth-century classicists.

Cook himself drew; not pictures, but charts. They are permanent examples of the hydrographer's skill, and it was his survey of the St. Lawrence, done at the time of the expedition of Wolfe and Saunders to Quebec in what our ancestors knew as the 'Wonderful Year' of 1759, that first made his name and caused the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty not only to choose this plain, self-educated seaman to command the most important expeditions of their kind ever to have been attempted, but to back him up in all the inevitable jealousies which success brings with it.

Cook's story, creditable to all concerned, is illustrated in this

exhibition by books, manuscripts and other material both familiar and unknown. The official reward given to the navigator after his second voyage was a lucrative post as one of the four Captains of Greenwich Hospital. He did not long enjoy it, for his active spirit, and the call of his country, led him to a final venture and to tragic death at Hawaii. But Greenwich is a fitting place at which to view these souvenirs of his life's work, which make a rewarding study in an age when a craze for space travel seems to be general.



Captain Cook, by John Webber, R.A.

National Portrait Gallery

Among recent publications are: The Royal Horticultural Society's *Supplement to the Dictionary of Gardening*, edited by Patrick M. Synge (Oxford, 42s.); *A Dictionary of Vocal Themes*, compiled by Harold Barlow and Sam Margenstern (Benn, 55s.); *Bach's Fugal Works*, by A. E. F. Dickinson (Pitman, 30s.); *Stream of Consciousness: a Study in Literary Method*, by Melvin J. Friedman (Oxford, for Yale, 36s.); *English Romantic Poetry and Prose*, selected and edited with essays and notes by Russell Noyes (Oxford, 60s.); *The Calligrapher's Handbook*, edited by C. M. Lamb (Faber, 30s.); *Phrenology: Fad and Science*, by John D. Davies (Oxford, for Yale, 30s.).

Little Superstitions

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

WE all have our private, personal superstitions; or at least we believe them to be private and personal until we start comparing notes with our friends, and then discover, rather to our humiliation, that they are not nearly so personal and interesting as we thought. 'I say', one says, proudly, 'do you know, as a child, I always tried to avoid walking on the cracks in the pavement. I thought it was meant to be unlucky, I can't think why'.

'Oh', says one's friend, 'how odd that you should have had that feeling about cracks in the pavement. I had it too. Only with me it worked the other way round. Instead of avoiding the cracks, I deliberately stepped on them. I thought that that was meant to be lucky'.

So we are taken down. We find that our friends share these odd little superstitions we fondly believed to be our own. I will not pretend to explain the cracks in the pavement; it cannot be due to some atavistic fear of falling into a hole, since one either steps on the crack or avoids it, according to taste. I wonder only whether little Greek boys and girls played the same game in Athens, and little Roman boys and girls in Rome. I expect they did. But I don't know why. And I am sure that they did not know why either. It is just one of those odd, inexplicable things.

Superstition is one of the oldest things in the history of man. It ties up with religion and religious beliefs. I say this in no irreverent spirit; the *Oxford Dictionary* defines it as 'an unreasoning awe or fear of something unknown or mysterious, especially in connection with religion, religious belief founded on fear or ignorance'.

Awe, fear, mystery, and ignorance. Those are tremendous, terrifying words. I cannot cope with them here. So let me go back to some other rather more frivolous but very ancient aspects of superstition. Walking under a ladder: this has always seemed to me a very sensible and reasonable precaution; a ladder usually means that a man is working up there, either a bricklayer who might drop a whole hod of bricks on your head or a painter who might upset a pot of paint. Yet, if you look into the back history of the superstition about ladders, you will find that in ancient Egypt it was thought inadvisable to walk under a ladder lest you might meet a god or a spirit on his way up or down.

There are some odd recommendations from the Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, who lived in the sixth century B.C. Never point a finger at the moon or the stars, he says; but if you do so by mistake you must immediately bite your finger to prevent it from dropping off. Never poke the fire with a sword, he says; not a thing that any of us would be likely to do nowadays; few of us have swords. If you stumble on the threshold, he says, when setting out on a journey, that is unlucky and you must turn back—a piece of advice which will still be familiar to dwellers in the Highlands of Scotland. Pythagoras also recommends burying the skin of a hippopotamus in a field to avert thunderbolts from falling on one's land and, presumably, on one's house. The fear of thunderbolts is understandably ancient and universal. We should all like to avoid them if possible, but

as few of us can now dispose of dead hippopotami it seems simpler to plant some house-leeks on our roofs. House-leeks are reputed to have the same effect in repelling thunderbolts. Any old countryman will endorse this belief.

Then there is sneezing. This is a very old and very odd superstition indeed. It goes right back to Aristotle, in the fourth century B.C. and even further than that. It was once taught that all men died after their first sneeze, and that the patriarch Jacob was the first man to die a natural death. I find that rather hard to believe, since anybody who has had any experience of small babies knows that a baby sneezes often and early in its life; therefore according to that theory we ought all to have died long before we even had a chance to grow up. All the same, superstitions about sneezing survive. We ourselves are apt to say 'Bless you', or even 'God bless you'. In Italy, people will say 'Salute' to you if you sneeze, and you must not say 'Thank you', for all the good of the well-wishing will be undone. Some people in this country will say 'Excuse me' when they sneeze; I don't know why they say it, unless it is because they have unwittingly gone back to the ancient frightening idea that sneezing preceded death; or because, much more reasonably and in more modern terms, they are afraid they may be passing on a streaming cold in the head.

There are many things I have not mentioned. Cats: one can understand why a mass of legend should have grown up round those mysterious, sinister, and unfathomable animals. Piebald horses seem innocent in comparison, so why should we be forbidden to speak after seeing a piebald until we have seen a white horse? Horse-shoes: bringers of good luck, provided you hang them the right way up, only I never can



Not walking under a ladder—'a sensible and reasonable precaution'



'Instead of avoiding the cracks, I deliberately stepped on them'

remember which way up it is. Magpies: there are so many magpies nowadays, with no game-keepers to keep down the vermin, that even the most superstitious amongst us has long since lost count.

Seeing the new moon through glass: I have often wondered why that should be regarded as unlucky. I wonder how the superstition originated? There are many queer beliefs attaching to the moon, and many of them go back into the deep, dark depths of history and pre-history. But we seem to extend it now into seeing the new moon through the wind-screen of a motor-car, which is, or should be, made of triplex glass with a sheet of talc or mica between two panes. Personally, I do not worry when I see through my wind-screen that lovely young thing starting on her debutante career of a month, veiled in the muslin of thin clouds, to develop presently into the round, completed, matronly figure of the full moon like a great dowager sailing across a black velvet sky, accompanied by all the diamonds of the stars.

Numbers: this seems to me a much more serious and fundamental superstition than any cat, piebald horse, horse-shoe, or magpie. Numbers are strange things, and nobody but a mathematician could explain their mysteries. But we all know that we have superstitious shudders about thirteen and I suppose we all know that this is connected with the betrayal by Judas Iscariot; but magical properties are also attributed to other numbers, notably three and seven.

These are all what we might call the conventional superstitions, well known; observed by some of us, disregarded by others. But there is one which I firmly believe in myself, and no amount of derision could shake me. It is the one I call boasting, and it is accompanied by a little rap

of the knuckles on a table, and the exclamation 'Touch wood!' 'Unberufen' if you prefer to say it in German; 'Scaramanzia' if you want to say it in Italian. I daresay there are equivalents in many other languages, which would only go to show how prevalent is this particular superstition over much of the world. It is prevalent because it has much dreadful truth in it. Have you not often regretted saying that you had not had a cold in the head for two years?—if, indeed, you were in the fortunate position of being able truthfully to say so—and have you not developed one the very next day? One should not boast. Oh no, one should not boast: one always gets paid out for boasting.

I have nearly finished; but let me tell you the reason why we say 'Touch wood!' and rap with our knuckles. It is not because we want to touch *wood*, exactly, but because we want to make a noise, or a sound, to prevent evil spirits from overhearing what we are saying. This ties up with an old belief of the Persians. They say that you must never complete anything you are doing. If you are building a house, you must leave a gap for the final brick, and you must leave it indefinitely open. Otherwise, the mischievous spirits who are always waiting, listening, ready to pounce, will think you have finished building your house and will swoop down to destroy it. So long as you have not completed it you may continue to feel safe.

So perhaps I had better cut this talk short by a quarter of a minute. Any Persian gremlin who happens to be listening will be defrauded into thinking that I have not yet finished. But I have. Good night; God bless you; don't sneeze; don't walk under ladders; and above all don't boast that you have not yet had a cold in the head this spring.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Canadian Notes and Impressions

Sir,—I dislike replying to correspondents but do feel that the long letter from Marjory White-law (THE LISTENER, June 7) calls for some reply. Her first paragraph suggests that the rest of her letter will contradict everything I said on the air, but in most of it she merely makes my points in a rather different way. She does, however, rebuke me for using the term 'Potlatch Indians'. But if I am wrong, then so is the Director of the Vancouver Art Gallery (which I *did* visit) who calls his exhibition of their art by this name.

Finally, I can only hope that her letter will do nothing to blunt, in the minds of listeners and readers, the main point I make in my second talk, with which I know many intelligent public-spirited Canadians are in agreement. I refer this correspondent to Mr. Martin Armstrong's column.

Yours, etc.,
J. B. PRIESTLEY

London, W.1

Sir,—Mr. J. B. Priestley's comment on the lack of English news in Canadian newspapers (THE LISTENER, June 7) is fair enough, but he must also have noted that Canadian journals carry little foreign news. This, Canadian editors assure me, does not arise from lack of interest in Commonwealth and foreign affairs, but merely from lack of money.

In a vast country with a population of only 15,500,000 to 16,000,000, few Canadian newspapers can afford to keep correspondents in foreign countries or in England, and are dependent almost entirely on C.P., A.P., Reuters, etc., for their information from abroad. There is no such thing as a national daily in Canada with a mass circulation running into millions and a consequently enormous advertising revenue. Nor are there newspapers of the circulation and wealth of, say, the Hearst chain in the U.S.A.—or even of *The New York Times*.

As Mr. Priestley must know, the true function

of a foreign correspondent is to build up, over a period of years, the background of the country to which he is accredited against which news as it 'breaks' can be set and correctly interpreted. Lacking this, English and foreign news in Canada—unless it is purely sensational—has just as little interest for the average Canadian as Canadian news has for the average Englishman.

As a Canadian who has lived in this country for the past twenty years, I have long been sadly aware that no English newspaper makes any effort to cover Canada or the Commonwealth countries. Even the Beaverbrook press, which claims to be so Commonwealth-minded, does absolutely nothing to supply readers with any Commonwealth background against which Commonwealth news can be set and correctly interpreted.

I feel that Mr. Priestley should know, however, that there is at least one Canadian newspaper which is making an effort to present interpretative articles on the U.K. and Commonwealth to its readers. This is *The Windsor Daily Star*, of Windsor, Ontario. I have had the honour of being its correspondent (part-time) in this country for the past seven years, an honour I share with colleagues in Scotland, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, France, and Israel.

Witney

Yours, etc.,
ELIZABETH BURTON

Sweden—the Egalitarian Paradise

Sir,—Mr. Paul Anderson's talk on Sweden as the 'egalitarian paradise' (THE LISTENER, May 31) is a vivid reminder of life in that country. Although the neurosis he mentions is evident among the Swedish people, the British housewife in Stockholm is spared the necessity for developing her own 'personal, neurotic anxieties' by the unaccustomed difficulties that beset her.

Milk and bread, for instance, are not delivered regularly to her door but must (unless they are included in a large grocery order), be fetched from the shops. This is an added burden on the young mother pushing a pram or dragging a sledge during the five months of winter snow and slush. In the summer life is not always any easier, for many blocks of ultra-modern flats are without any hot water during these months while laundries are apt to close for several weeks of holiday. As she tries to clean the inside of a gas-oven, which has not been constructed to come to pieces for the purpose, the foreign housewife may well pause to consider the reputation the Scandinavians have earned for hygiene and cleanliness. There is, in fact, a Scandinavian assumption that dirt is necessarily black and anyone who admits to liking a daily bath for herself or her children may well be pronounced unclean. There is a real danger that too much reliance may be placed on the white, the shining, and the stainless-steel, while hand-washing, the fly-eggs, and below-surfaces are neglected. It was a long time before a recent epidemic of paratyphoid was acknowledged to have come from infected Swedish meat.

It is only fair to add that the Swedish people value original paintings far above any reproduction. Even if this can be counted as a passing fashion, it encourages people to paint, to criticise and to buy one another's work. It is also becoming increasingly popular on the Swedish radio for the young people to criticise the failings of their own society, their lack of individual responsibility and discipline.

Sweden is indeed a warning to those who would pursue the Welfare State to its end, and it is hard not to share Mr. Anderson's pessimism.—Yours, etc.,

Croydon

KIT SMEATON

Sir,—Mr. Paul Anderson concluded his interesting talk on Sweden by stating 'the most surprising fact' that the figure of suicides there for the past year exceeded the annual toll of fatal



EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

The perschwepptive of Russia reveals the hitherto unrecorded existence of a powerful SCHWEPPTH Column.

There is for instance, co-existent with a Five Year Plan, a Five Year Plan to end Five Year Plans, which includes a Five Year Plan for being totally inconsequent and digging up all statues of Workers looking steadily towards the sky as if they had just seen something tremendously encouraging above the horizon. There is also a Five Months Plan for being the person who occasionally takes an extra day off; a Five Fortnightly Plan for realising that though the New is obviously tremendously good in Russia, the isolated Old had individual moments when, intermittently, it was not bad either; and there is a Five Week Plan for reading Tolstoy



and Dostoievsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, Annie Get Your Gun, Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. Occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: Designed by George Kim

SCHWEPPEPVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

road casualties. But as neither figure was quoted can we learn very much from this? It is possible that the figure for fatal road accidents is very low in Sweden. As a matter of interest, deaths from suicide in this country (England and Wales) have exceeded the number of deaths from motor-vehicle accidents in four out of the five years 1950-1954.

	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954
Motor-vehicle accidents	4,230	4,510	4,117	4,375	4,588
Suicides	4,471	4,469	4,338	4,754	5,043

Yours, etc.,

Truro

EILEEN GRAINGER

Linguistic Techniques in Politics

Sir,—Mr. I. Ansari is altogether too ready to conclude that the linguistic analysis of contemporary British philosophy is inimical to political as well as moral thought. The area of linguistic analysis is much greater than the logical positivism of Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*—in every sense a young man's book—and few are inclined to share its cavalier attitude on 'judgements of value'. Indeed, Professor Ayer himself ten years after wrote, in the 1946 preface:

The objection that if the emotive theory was correct it would be impossible for one person to contradict another on a question of value is here met by the answer that what seem to be disputes about questions of value are really disputes about questions of fact. I should, however, have made it clear that it does not follow from this that two persons cannot significantly disagree about a question of value, or that it is idle for them to attempt to convince one another....

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

FRANCIS MACKARILL

Buddhist Sculpture in India

Sir,—In the beautiful talk 'Buddhist Sculpture in India', by Mr. Irwin, printed in THE LISTENER of June 7, I find one observation which is disconcerting, not being a fact. He says:

It was only much later—when the Brahmins and their books did eventually systematise Indian sculpture under Hindu, not Buddhist, patronage—that the eye and the hand of the stone-carver lost their vital spontaneity.

This loss of vitality which he refers to was not the result of Brahman dominance over Buddhism but the general decline of the Indian body politic.

There is, in technique and spirit, absolutely no segregation between Hindu and Buddhist sculpture. The artists or craftsmen who sculptured the Hindu, Buddhist, and Jain temples were one and the same people, as Mr. Irwin himself admits. Buddhist sculpture in India is only different in subject matter and not in its art traditions. Those of us who have visited Ellora know that in the centre are Hindu, on the right Buddhist, and on the left Jain temples. And the Hindu temple, Kailash, in conception and execution is more original and vital than the rest. I think it was Fergusson, the well-known authority on Indian architecture, who said that if all else was lost in India but Kailash, it would be enough to prove the greatness and glory of India.

Surely Mr. Irwin knows Buddhism is just an offshoot of Hinduism, as is Jainism and so many other religious systems in India, and each draws its inspiration from one or the other six different systems of Indian philosophy.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

ROOP KRISHNA

Celebrating the Buddha Jayanti

Sir,—Mr. Harold Binns correctly states in THE LISTENER of June 7 that the legendary

Saints Barlaam and Josaphat give us the story of the Buddha in a Christianised version. But he is surely incorrect in stating that Josaphat was 'canonised by Sixtus V in 1589'. What happened was that the learned Baronius was misled into inserting the names of Barlaam and Josaphat into the Roman Martyrology, and that the Martyrology received papal confirmation in the same decade. It is almost unnecessary to add that this is not the equivalent of formal canonisation. That great canonist, Pope Benedict XIV, remarks in his work on *The Beatification and Canonisation of the Servants of God* (I. IV, part II, ch. xvii, n. 9) that the Church does not guarantee as true all that is inserted into the Martyrology; she herself, in fact, frequently alters and corrects the entries.

A St. Josaphat was canonised by Pius IX in 1867, but he was Josaphat Kuntsevitch, Archbishop of Polotsk, whose feast is, indeed, observed on November 14.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 JOHN M. T. BARTON

Thomas Hardy at Max Gate

Sir,—Describing in detail her meeting with Thomas Hardy in May, 1921 (THE LISTENER, June 7), Lady Cynthia Asquith mentions a dog 'who, so his master proudly informed us, was also very fond of the wireless', and adds that 'Hardy evidently thought the B.B.C. should provide a Dog's as well as a Children's Hour'. Some telescoping of memory here, surely! Or are we to borrow from the famous footnote in *Pickwick* and call it a remarkable instance of the prophetic force of Hardy's—and the dog's—imagination?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

GORDON STOWELL

'A Medieval Maison Dieu'

Sir,—In fairness to those who saved the Ospringe Maison Dieu from destruction in the early nineteen-twenties (mentioned in THE LISTENER of May 31) I feel it necessary to write giving you the earlier part of the story of the conversion of this building into a museum.

The building was condemned as unfit for human habitation, and a local committee consisting of the Vicar and Churchwardens of Ospringe together with Mr. John Whiting, who initiated the movement, appealed for funds with which to purchase it. This was accomplished and, as stated in the original letter of appeal, it was intended then to convert it into a museum of local antiquities.

My father-in-law, Mr. William Whiting, John's brother, who had played the major part in the excavations of Roman pottery in the district at the same time as this plan was formulated, was appointed Curator and the museum was officially opened on June 17, 1925, by Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of *London Mercury* and chairman of the Architecture Club. The Deputy Keeper of British and Medieval Antiquities of the British Museum also spoke on that occasion.

In the September 1923 number of *The Museums Journal* can be found a fine early photograph of the Ospringe Maison Dieu together with an account of its proposed use as a museum. It flourished as such until the untimely death of Mr. William Whiting in 1930 since when it had been closed. All honour to the Ministry of Works for rescuing it and restoring it as a museum again; all honour too to those earlier enthusiasts who first saved it and planned its present use.—Yours, etc.,

Faversham

N. E. BLAKE

The Challenge of Psycho-analysis

Sir,—In his broadcast talk entitled 'The Challenge of Psycho-analysis', published in THE

LISTENER on June 7, Dr. Emanuel Miller says: 'Through the new psychological attitude the term "education" reverts to its original meaning, a drawing out of inborn capacities...'. Surely 'education' is derived not from *educere*—to draw out, but from *educare*—to nourish, to make to grow? This is a popular misconception that needs to be corrected.

Yours, etc.,

Wrexham

T. GLYN THOMAS

Disappearing Words

Sir,—The recent correspondence has been especially interesting because the Midland dialects are little known compared with those of, say, the north and the west. The following expressive words were current in north Shropshire thirty years ago, and may well be dying out: 'gallous'='jocular': 'a gallous lad'; 'lungeous'='boisterous', 'violent': 'a lungeous swipe'; 'eem'='near': 'Put it eemer the mixen'; 'Surry!' (exclamation of mild surprise, e.g., 'Eh, surry! that's a fine crop o' wheat'. Can this be a survival of 'sirrah'?

I do not recall having heard these words in other regions, but dialect has a way of spreading farther than one thinks. Another good word, also known in Lancashire, is 'tranklyment' for 'contraption'.

Of equal interest, although more difficult of treatment in a broadcast, is the varying pattern of local accent whereby the vowel qualities and intonation can differ markedly between two villages five miles apart. Such variations can be so subtle as to be unnoticed except by the native or trained phonetician but they are quite real.—Yours, etc.,

Chelmsford

W. SIDNEY HUXLEY

Sir,—This correspondence, which arose from a short broadcast claiming no more than to draw attention to certain words disappearing from Midland speech, suggests that there is considerable interest in this form of dialect and that many such words are in wider use than casual observation shows. It is reasonably safe to draw the further inference that they are most often to be found in the speech of older people who have retained forms from childhood and who have suffered least from the standardisation of compulsory education, the wireless, and journalism.

It would be worth while to make a detailed survey of some area though the method of carrying it out would need careful thought and preparation. It is no fit topic for a single Ph.D. thesis. Observation would have to be lengthy and observers would have to spend a good deal of time in country areas talking naturally about country things and activities. In this connection, if Mr. Freeman has any further information about a previous survey I shall be glad to hear of it.

It is impossible to deal with all the points raised (you, Sir, lack space and I competence) but it is worth recording that one correspondent has privately made the very plausible suggestion that 'knocking on' and 'knocking off' came into use as a result of the custom of head masons of signalling with knocks on the building the times of starting and stopping work. Though I am flattered by Mr. Moroney's support of my first explanation I believe his ingenuity has led him astray.

Finally, may I be allowed to thank many who have written to me and Mr. Fryer (THE LISTENER, May 31) for his kindly offer?

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 3

W. J. SPARROW

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

NEWS DIARY

June 6-12

Wednesday, June 6

President Eisenhower asks U.S. Congress to pass his foreign aid Bill without heavy 'cuts'

Mr. Adlai Stevenson defeats Senator Kefauver in the Democratic primary elections in California

Labour Party agrees to ask Government to set up an independent committee of enquiry into M.P.s' salaries

Thursday, June 7

Prime Minister announces that Britain is to carry out nuclear test explosions in the Pacific next year

Mr. Bulganin sends a letter to President Eisenhower about disarmament

Trade-union leaders representing workers affected by redundancy at Standard Motors, Coventry, see the Minister of Labour

Friday, June 8

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a State banquet given in their honour in Stockholm

President Eisenhower is taken to hospital for an operation

Mr. Lim Yew Hock, the new Chief Minister of Singapore, is sworn in

Saturday, June 9

President Eisenhower is reported to have made good progress after his operation

Princess Margaret attends a service in Southwell Minster, which celebrated its thousand years as a place of Christian worship

Sunday, June 10

The Vice-President of Argentina announces that a revolt which spread to many parts of the country has been suppressed

King Gustaf of Sweden opens the Equestrian Olympic Games in Stockholm

Death of Mr. Maurice Webb, former Minister of Food in the Labour Government

Monday, June 11

Minister of Supply answers questions in Commons about dismissal of an employee of Imperial Chemical Industries on security grounds

Marshal Tito and Mr. Khrushchev visit Stalingrad

Heavy storms cause flooding in London area

Tuesday, June 12

Exports in May reach a record figure

Priest of a Greek Orthodox Church in London is deported in interests of public security

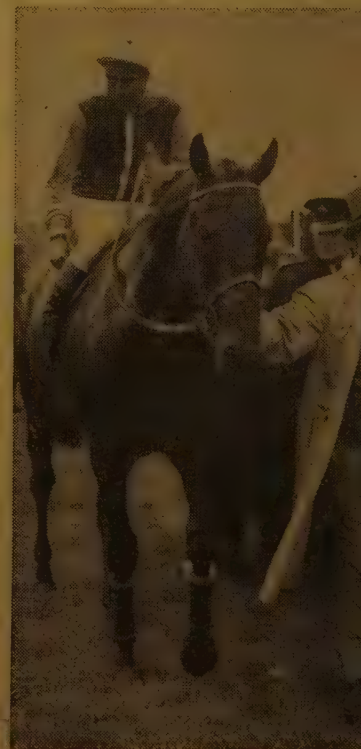
Death of Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A.



Her Majesty the Queen stepping ashore from the royal barge at Stockholm on June 8 at the beginning of her three-day State visit to Sweden. Greeting her is King Gustaf VI Adolf. Behind the Queen is the Duke of Edinburgh



Demonstrators in a clash with police at Le Havre railway station on June 7. They were attempting to prevent the start of a troop train bound for Algeria with army reservists. Several police were injured and a number of demonstrators arrested before the train was able to leave



The French horse Lavandin, which was run at Epsom on June 6, being led by his owner, M. Pierre Wertheimer. The favourite, was ridden by W. R. J.



Her Majesty visiting a cottage (built by the owner) at Ängby, a suburb of Stockholm, last weekend



England's opening innings in the first Test match against the Australians which began at Trent Bridge on June 7: P. E. Richardson is seen batting to Lindwall's bowling. The match ended in a draw



The British Isles women's golf team photographed at Sandwich, Kent, last Saturday, after regaining the Curtis Cup from the United States by five matches to four



British troops searching an orange grove near Famagusta, Cyprus, for hidden arms last week. The soldier in the foreground is using a mine-detector. One of the objects of the operation in this area was to cut down the dense foliage which has provided a hiding-place for terrorists



Elizabeth Varga, one of the principal dancers of the Hungarian State Company of Dance, Song, and Music who are presenting a six-weeks season in London, performing a 'bottle dance'

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Summer Books

The Formal Garden

Gardener to Queen Anne. By David Green. Oxford. 70s.

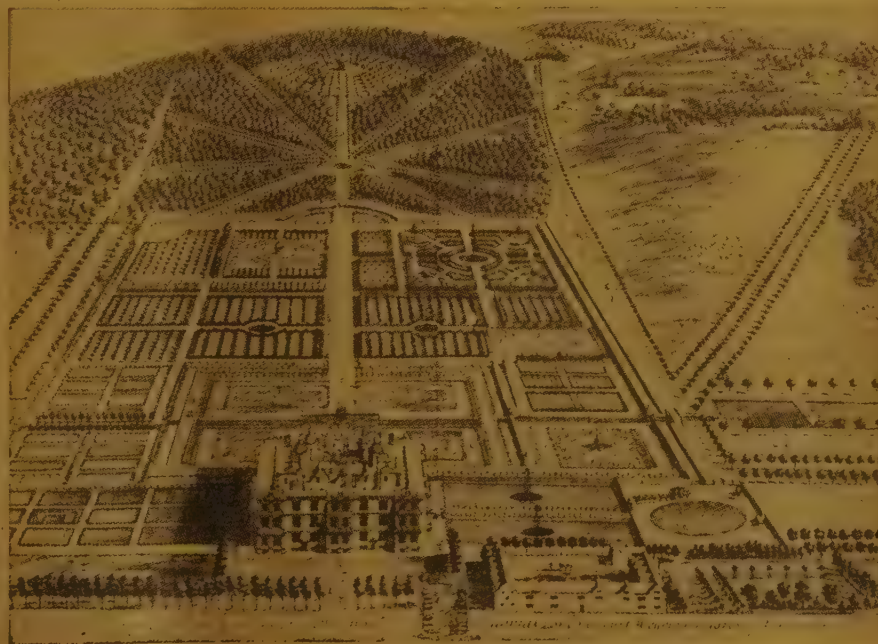
Reviewed by HIRAM WINTERBOTHAM

IN his essay 'Wordsworth in the Tropics', Aldous Huxley suggests that man cannot love nature until he has tamed it. If one holds this view, one must admit men's mastery of nature became complete in England in the early eighteenth century, for it was then that the English made their unique contribution to the art of gardening. Henry Wise was the last of the great English gardeners to live and work before the Natural Garden burst on an astonished world. True he did not die until 1738, and so may have read Pope's 'Epistle to Lord Burlington', said to have been inspired by the gardens at Canons designed by his partner London; but if he did, it had no influence on his work, not even on the last garden which he designed for himself when he retired to Warwick Priory.

Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade . . .

David Green's scholarly study of Wise and the formal garden throws light on a period of which the very ideas have become obscure. This is not to be wondered at since all his gardens have been swept away. Kip's views, with their nightmare symmetry stretching away into the English landscape, appear to us like the fantasies of a disordered mind. It is difficult to believe that they ever really existed. Blenheim and Badminton, St. James's and Kensington, Windsor and Hampton Court, Chatsworth and Longleat; poor Wise would no longer recognise them. From an aeroplane, after prolonged drought, traces of some of them are still discernible, but to get any idea of what they were intended to be like, one must go to Villandry or Versailles. Of the gardens of Wise, only Melbourne in Derbyshire retains his general layout, much altered by time.



Longleat (c. 1690): an engraving by Kip. The main avenue leads to an elaborate mount
From 'Gardener to Queen Anne'

Its first formal lines have been all but obliterated, blurred by generations of growth and weather . . . the parterre has become a sloping lawn, the great basin a pond, the clipped yew tunnel a shapeless monster.

Wise can lay claim to a great measure of painstaking craftsmanship. He was industrious and honest, whatever Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, may have thought. But it is impossible to claim for him genius. In a style of gardening of which Le Nôtre was the acknowledged master, it was difficult to do more than show how completely his precepts and principles had been understood and acted upon. In the formal garden there was no room for the *genius loci*: there was very little room for flowers. The elements of the design were the same everywhere, here and on the continent. The same greens must be used for the bosage, elms, hornbeam and lime; the same sand, brick dust, powdered tile-shards and mineral ores for the parterre, and the same box edging was

bought by the kilometre or the mile. Even the terminology was French: Wise's 'woodwork' seems an inadequate translation for 'bosage'. Nor have our great exponents of the formal garden, London and Wise, made any permanent contribution to the traditions of English Gardening.

The Victorians, for example, armed with salvias and lobelias and encouraged by Paxton, set out to improve on the formalists of Anne's day with acres of carpet bedding. The result was disaster.

Only in the dusty municipal garden does the tradition persist, and in the crazy pavement and the cement bird-bath of the suburban plot.

Not least of the delights of this book is the chapter on the Literary Gardener, a survey of gardening books of the period. They had, of course, to be translated from the French. John Evelyn was responsible for the English version of La Quintinie's *The Compleat Gard'ner*, the architect, John James, for Le Blond's *Theory and Practice of Gardening* and London and Wise for *The Retir'd Gard'ner*. 'In the world of flowers', says David Green, ' . . . this was not the age of scientific description . . . Nightshade, according to *The Retir'd Gard'ner*, is "shaped like a Pipe, opening in the form of a Tunnel, like an embattled Pavillion". From the "Extremity of the Boughs" of the Royal Comfrey "appear several Flowers falling down like Cats-tails, resembling on one side a Lark's Heel, and of a deep Red". A third description reads: "This Plant bears several oblong, broad Leaves, rough to the Touch, wrinkled, and lying on the Ground; in the Middle of these Leaves arise several Stems as high as ones Hand, on the Top of which grow the single Flowers. Out of the Cup, which is shap'd something like a Pipe, arises a Chive, fasten'd like a Nail to the lower Part of the Flower, which in time becomes an oblong Fruit, almost shut up within the Cup, which opening at Top discovers several small Seeds almost round, and of a black Colour". The plant? A primrose'.

Henry Wise made a fortune, presumably from the hundred acres of garden at Brompton Park, where he mass produced box edging, clipped yews, and greens generally. It is unlikely that he became rich looking after the royal gardens for Queen Anne or creating as much of the garden at Blenheim as the Duchess would allow. And, of course, there were fruit trees, and even then, some flowers. A fascinating list of flowers 'as they blow'

omits the months of October, November, December, and January and brings home once more the botanical poverty of that period and the extraordinary wealth of ours. In spite of success, and of that there was no doubt, his was a life full of disappointments and setbacks; but without knowing it, he was fortunate: he died before the destruction, one by one, of his gardens, before the demolition of his home, Warwick Priory, for re-erection in America, and before William Robinson wrote his attack on Blomfield's book in praise of the formal garden.

It is impossible not to be carried away by this book. The breadth of approach to the subject, the scholarly research involved and the excellence of the illustrations, make it the most important contribution to the subject of formal gardening that we have had or are likely to have.

Sholem Asch

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DENT

The Young S.T.C.

Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge: 1785-1806.

Edited by E. L. Griggs. Oxford. Two Vols. £5. 5s. 0d.

'I COULD INFORM the dullest author how he might write an interesting book', Coleridge once said. 'Let him relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feelings that accompanied them'. Scattered among his letters, which are now being fully published for the first time, is his account of his own life, told frankly and without dissimulation. 'An interesting book' it does assuredly make, at least these first two volumes make, covering, as they do, the most eventful period of the poet's life, the years up to 1806, when he was thirty-four. The three volumes yet to come are likely to be less interesting; not only because relatively little happened in the late years, but also because Coleridge's epistolary style became so perversely disjointed and labyrinthine as to be often, and increasingly often, unintelligible.

Professor E. L. Griggs, the American editor of this collection, is a well-established Coleridge scholar. It was he who brought out in 1932 two volumes of *Unpublished Letters* to supplement the then standard, but defective, E. H. Coleridge edition. Since then Mr. Griggs has located many more Coleridge holographs, including a large number which came a few years ago into the possession of Lord Latymer. Complete, Mr. Griggs' edition will contain some 1,800 letters; these first two volumes contain 641. Although many of the manuscripts have been published before, if only partially and incorrectly, a substantial proportion is entirely new. The editor has done his work conscientiously and well: the apparatus of scholarship is nowhere obtrusive, as it commonly is in American books of this kind; no footnote is otiose; and Mr. Griggs has made it his aim to 'reproduce the manuscripts exactly as they were written', even without correction of the poet's sometimes most peculiar spelling. On the other hand there might have been a better index, and I am sorry that Mr. Griggs has 'silently corrected', as he says he has, 'slips of the pen': presumably he does not appreciate the importance Freud saw in such 'slips'. Scholars with a psycho-analytic curiosity will still have to go to the primary sources.

Readers of this book will, I imagine, be those who already know something of Coleridge's biography. They will know that he became a drug addict; and that having married the sister-in-law of Southey, Sara Fricker, he fell in love with the sister-in-law of Wordsworth, Sara Hutchinson (otherwise 'Asra'); and they may, not unnaturally, wonder first of all whether any new light is thrown on those romantic aspects of the poet's life. The earliest letter from Coleridge to 'Asra' which Mr. Griggs has been able to print is a fragmentary one, hitherto unpublished, postmarked January 21, 1802. It is a disappointingly late one, for their correspondence probably began towards the end of 1799, early in their long Platonic love-affair. However, it seems that none of Coleridge's first letters to 'Asra' can have escaped systematic destruction. Even from the years 1802-6 Mr. Griggs has been able to find only eleven letters, and they add little to what we know from Coleridge's notebooks, from the Letters of Sara Hutchinson, which Miss Kathleen Coburn printed a year or two ago, and (the most revealing document of all) the full text of *Dejection*, which Ernest de Selincourt published for the first time in 1937.

Of Coleridge's addiction to drugs there is more to be learned from Mr. Griggs' volumes. The earliest reference to opium occurs in a letter Coleridge wrote from Cambridge when he was nineteen, saying with sadly misplaced confidence that opium had never had the disagreeable effects on him it had on other people. Coleridge was using it then to relieve rheumatic pains. A letter written in 1796 shows that at the age of twenty-four he had started taking it to relieve anxiety, though his anxiety brought on so many somatic symptoms that he was able to think of his drugs as medicines, and to increase their use accordingly. In general, however, these letters tell us less that is new about the external events of Coleridge's life than they tell us about the development of his intellectual interests. What is particularly striking is the extent to which he had already anticipated in his youth the ideas which he expounded in his maturity. This is not to deny that his ideas changed. For one thing, he 'snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition' and turned into a High Church Tory. But he snapped that trumpet remarkably soon. In November, 1794, when he was twenty-two, Coleridge wrote to his brother George:

Solemnly, my Brother! I tell you—I am *not* a Democrat. I see evidently, that the present is *not* the highest state of Society, of which

we are *capable*—And after a diligent, I may say, an intense study of Locke, Hartley and others who have written most wisely on the Nature of Man—I appear to myself to see the point of *possible* perfection at which the World may perhaps be destined to arrive—But how to lead Mankind from one point to the other is a process of such infinite Complexity, that in deep-felt humility I resign it to that Being—'Who shaketh the Earth out of her place and the pillars thereof tremble'.

I hope no one will suspect that Coleridge wrote thus merely to please or appease his generous clerical brother; his letters amply prove that he was always a profoundly *religious* man. Even Pantisocracy, that very eighteenth-century system in which he formulated his youthful left-wing aspirations, was more of a moral than a political conception. To Southey he described it in November, 1795, not as a plan by which justice and equality could be realised, but as one by which 'we should remove the *selfish* principle from ourselves, and prevent it in our children'. His philosophical ideas were, in another way, religious also; and although their merits are difficult to assess today, when the climate of opinion is either hostile or indifferent to Coleridge's kind of metaphysics, one can hardly fail to be impressed by the originality of all his speculative thinking. Looking back on his tender years as the orphaned thirteenth child of a country parson, Coleridge wrote of his 'understanding' having been forced at that time 'into an almost unnatural ripeness'. These letters of his early manhood suggest that his understanding remained unnaturally ripe. Coleridge had so many thoughts that he could not develop more than a few in detail; generally he was too emotional to be a contented intellectual and too intellectual to live in his emotions; and I cannot doubt that he was over-scrupulous as well.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Hagiography

The Life of Robert Southwell, Poet and Martyr

By Christopher Devlin. Longmans. 21s.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, a young man of good family, fled abroad in 1576 and returned ten years later as a Jesuit missionary. Five years of freedom—the usual mixture of hair-raising adventures, occasional peace, and constant apostolic activities with word and pen—ended in arrest, appalling torture, and at last the martyrdom that he had sought for a long time. All this Fr. Devlin tells well, if a trifle flatly. He analyses Southwell's diffuse family relationships to illustrate the manner in which the Catholic network operated in Elizabethan England; personal experience puts life into his description of the young Jesuit's training; he does full justice to Southwell's unusual charm and gentleness. There are aspects of his ecstatic temperament which may deserve more critical assessment, but one does not complain at the omission of ill-documented doubts. Fr. Devlin hardly does justice to the poet and writer, though he may here have thought himself anticipated by Pierre Janelle's study, some twenty years ago. Too often we are told that some passage, too long for quotation, is wonderful. To one who finds Southwell's verse (with notable exceptions) formal and tedious and his prose (except for the *Humble Petition*) overloaded, this sort of thing carries little conviction. Fr. Devlin's own main contribution in this field is yet another Shakespearean speculation, of as little cogency as all the rest.

These are minor faults: there is a much more serious one. In what the publishers confidently prophesy will 'for many years to come' be a 'standard biography', one looks for better history than one gets here. That the book is biased is natural. But its bias, as that of other recent horses from the same stable, is not only Catholic but Jesuit: once again we find the story of the missions concentrated on the Society, the seculars played down, and those Catholics who did not like Jesuits dubbed spies and traitors. The book is naive: some Catholic writers are as credulous about the ubiquity and devilish cunning of Sir Francis Walsingham's intelligence system as ever was simple Protestant about Jesuit intrigues. When he deals with Elizabeth's government (especially with Burghley), Fr. Devlin is frankly the partisan and not the historian. The book is disingenuous, too: the whole problem of Spanish power and policy is solved by assuming that England had nothing to fear. The chapter called 'The Spanish Armada' is really an astonishing piece of misrepresentation; as for the Babington plot, one has almost given up hope of being able to restore historical sound-

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ness to accounts of it. In fact, Southwell gave the game away by pleading for new councillors and a new policy (page 250); yet his biographer can apparently see nothing political in this. The tone of the book is judicious, so that even the horrible Topcliffe evokes no passion. But subtle dislocation, and a less subtle omission of the whole international and internal background, rewrite history in a false vision.

The basic trouble lies in an insufficient grasp of historical method. Fr. Devlin cites practically only historians of his own party, with the exception of Dr. Conyers Read (consistently misspelt) whom he uses or rejects with some critical acumen. In consequence he reveals some odd ideas about puritans and some serious gaps in his knowledge. And he attempts no criticism of his sources. Half the confident assertions in the book (which is under-documented) come from writers and observers who had no first-hand access to information. Vague remarks about unsubstantiated links with the court, etc., are no answer to reasonable doubts on this score. The point is not that his authorities are necessarily wrong: it is that they may be wrong and are firmly assumed to be right. Fr. Devlin applies a double standard to his evidence: childlike trust if it comes from Jesuit sources, acute and destructive criticism (which sees oversubtle motives and forgery everywhere) when it comes from the enemy. This is not history but simply the other side of that unpleasant medal which Protestant distortion and prejudice used to put before us. Poor Robert Southwell, butchered on the scaffold at the age of thirty-three, died for what he believed to be the truth. It will do his memory no harm to face the whole truth with a more substantial charity than this book achieves.

G. R. ELTON

Shavian Advice

Advice to a Young Critic. By Bernard Shaw. Peter Owen. 16s.

BERNARD SHAW MADE six different reputations in his lifetime. He was the most readable of music critics, an incomparable dramatic critic, a playwright second only to Shakespeare in the language, the most entertaining of orators, a writer who could make even economics interesting, and a great deflator of humbug, pomposity, and pretentiousness in every form of human activity. In the years to come it is probable that a seventh reputation will supersede all the others: that of a great character, foreshadowed by Max Beerbohm in 1901: 'As a personality he is immortal'. His character will emerge partly from his writings, partly from the memories of those who knew him, but chiefly from his letters, which for humour, liveliness, and individuality have no parallel in the record of private correspondence.

The collection under review contains some first-rate specimens, particularly one in December, 1894, advising the young critic, Golding Bright, to 'find out rigidly and exactly what you mean, and never strike an attitude, whether national or moral or critical or anything else. . . . Get your facts right first: that is the foundation of all style, because style is the expression of yourself; and you cannot express yourself genuinely except on a basis of precise reality'. A string of precepts concludes with: 'Never take anybody's advice'.

Some carelessness in the editing of this volume must be noticed. The introduction refers to a separate commentary, which does not appear; a very slight acquaintance with the work of Zola would have changed the spelling of 'Conpean' to 'Coupeau'; while Shaw could never have written Aeschylus for Aeschylus, Gibler's Apology for Cibber's Apology, Addison's 'Cats' for Addison's 'Cato', Apollodorus for Apollodorus, 'Anne Seete' for 'Anne Leete'.

Shaw's self-interview in 1897 dealing with Irving's refusal to produce 'The Man of Destiny' is not as valuable as the editor of these letters seems to think. In it Shaw let Irving down lightly, and carefully suppressed the real cause of the trouble, which was due to the fact that the actor sensed an accusation of drunkenness in G.B.S.'s criticism of his performance as Richard III. Shaw was quite innocent of offence in that particular, but as Irving's speech had actually suffered from a drop too much he naturally thought his critic had spotted it and was being nasty. However, the re-publication of this self-interview is welcome, if only for Shaw's remark: 'My reputation as a dramatist grows with every play of mine that is not performed'.

The most interesting letter in the book describes Shaw's attitude to 'The Chocolate Soldier', a comic opera by Oscar Straus generally supposed to be a musical version of 'Arms and the Man'. Shaw read

the libretto, cut out every scrap of dialogue that had been lifted from his play, declined to receive royalties, and said that his name must not be connected in any way with what he calls 'a putrid *opéra bouffe* in the worst taste of 1860'. One hopes that the musical version of 'Pygmalion' which has just taken New York by storm would have been more to his taste.

HESKETH PEARSON

Politics, Religion, Biology

Minos or Minotaur: The Dilemma of Political Power

By John Bowle. Cape. 15s.

MR. JOHN BOWLE'S WRITINGS on the development of political theory, particularly his *Western Political Theory* and his *Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century*, are already well known and have had considerable success. Now he has written a book at the invitation of the Acton Society Trust 'to form some basis for discussion of various urgent contemporary political and social problems'. He is modest in his claims for the results he is offering: they constitute, he says, not a panacea but 'certain agenda from which further exploration can be made'. Still, the enterprise is serious and important; and it deserves careful examination. But this would be easier to give if Mr. Bowle wrote rather plainer prose and started fewer hares at a time.

The main problem he discusses is that of the control of political power, and his central position is that this problem must be seen in terms of 'the great psychological fact of our time—the paradox [*sic*] between the brilliant advance of scientific knowledge, based on objective and systematic method, and the primitive, subjective, conflict of our politics'. The social situation in which this contrast appears is complex, but it is on the whole ably, if very discursively, characterised by Mr. Bowle. Mass societies run the danger of succumbing to 'gutter-élites'. Specialist scientists too often exhibit anarchy or even barbarism. On the other hand, the intellectual trends of our times are potentially more genuinely scientific than ever before, and the development of communications is perhaps beginning to turn at least some 'administrators, managers, business men, journalists, scholars, commentators, and writers' into a potential 'world élite'. In these circumstances, and in view of the dangers to not only civilisation but also survival, of which we are all only too well aware, it is necessary to think in bold terms of, for instance, 'an Atlantic Union to include the Nato states', and of operations on gigantic scales to attack world poverty, malnutrition, and disease.

These eminently understandable recommendations are developed by Mr. Bowle with a wealth of citation and allusion and some penetrating excursions into a variety of topics, of which that into education is perhaps the most interesting. Their exposition contains a good deal of repetition but also much common sense, and some readers might well conceive that none of this could require much in the way of theoretical under-pinning. But the author has seen differently, and here certain peculiarities arise.

In explaining his view that the main intellectual tendencies of the present century have served to clear away much lumber that confused earlier thought, Mr. Bowle indicates that these tendencies have 'also created a new sense of mystery; a wonder, akin in its new idiom, to the wonder of the religious mystics'. There is more to this effect, but what precisely Mr. Bowle has in mind, on what evidence his conception is based, and how exactly it fits his main arguments, does not become clear.

A difficulty of another order arises in connection with his somewhat optimistic faith in the practical promise of the 'social sciences'. This is accompanied by a position in morals and politics which seems extraordinary, yet which Mr. Bowle does not appear to consider requires much defence. He takes Mr. Weldon and Professor Oakeshott severely to task for their contributions to what he calls the 'parade of political bankruptcy'. What is fundamentally wrong with these two writers, he thinks, is that they have not realised that political theory is 'like history, ultimately a branch of biology'. This is not an isolated statement. He says elsewhere: 'Scientifically, those moral judgements which make for survival are biologically superior to those which make for death'. This may be a biological (although not an ethical) truism; but what of the following—'the political ideas which have reflected

and encouraged this sense of order and commonwealth [constitutionalism] . . . express a right adaptation to life'?

It seems to the present reviewer at least that this sort of discussion would have been better omitted; because its formulations raise many

difficulties that are liable to be seen much more as distracting obstacles than as reasons for accepting Mr. Bowle's main—and generally sound—propositions.

WILFRID HARRISON

Zoo Portraits

Kingdom of the Beasts. By Julian Huxley and W. Suschitzky. Thames and Hudson. £2 10s.

THIS BEAUTIFUL VOLUME contains over 160 plates from photographs of animals in zoos, most of them taken in the Regent's Park Gardens or the Whipsnade Park of the Zoological Society of London. All the pictures are of mammals—'most people persist in calling them just animals'; perhaps the birds and reptiles, the amphibians and fishes, may be given us in future volumes.

Good photographs of animals always have an immediate appeal, and these are superb. In addition many of them are very satisfying compositions; the group of long-horned Ankole cattle in plate 74 makes a particularly good example. As Mr. Suschitzky says, his most successful pictures are not necessarily those which give a complete representation of an animal, but those which show some of the animal's character and expression, its 'essential qualities'. 'More often than not these qualities were to be seen in a close-up of the creature's head, and many of my best pictures turned out as "animal portraits"'. What could more exactly express the lazy indolence of the well-fed Southern Sea-lion, in plate 41, having a quiet nap as he floats upright in the water? On the other hand the impression of tender affection that many people might gather from the picture of the two Red deer calves in plate 64 would be entirely erroneous; the photograph is splendid, and the pose of the animals interesting, but the picture might be misleading to the unwary. The very excellence of the portraits is apt to lead those with little biological knowledge mentally to transpose the animals into the world of man instead of seeing them in the world of the animal—as different for each species as that of man from those of seals, sloths, or squirrels. A vast number of generally undreamt-of worlds must exist, and some idea of their diversity, if not of their nature, is given to anyone who will pause to think when examining this gallery, which shows some of the immense variety developed by the mammals from the basic 'model' of mammalian structure during the course of their evolution.

Mr. Suschitzky has written a very interesting chapter on animal photography and the methods he uses, which are of course very different from those of the photographers of wild animals at large. In zoos, as he says, any competent photographer can take good animal pictures; no particular technical knowledge is

required. 'Success is more the result of a right approach and attitude of mind. . . . The striking effect which good animal pictures often have is largely due to the fact that the camera can get a much closer and more intimate view of an animal than that obtained by the average visitor to the Zoo or even the naturalist in the field'. The most essential thing for all animal photographers is patience, no less when photograph-

ing animals in zoos than when trying to make records of them in the field. It is nearly impossible to get animals to pose; the photographer must wait until the animal fortuitously presents the required position in suitable lighting. Nearly but not quite always; sometimes an animal is so amenable that it can be got to pose as desired. The splendid cheetah 'Prince' of the London Zoo was a notable example; he was so docile that the photographer could enter his cage and 'if you wanted his head turned for a different view, the keeper would go and turn the head with his hands . . . Alas he is no more'. A very beautiful portrait of Prince, who, as might be expected, was a much photographed animal, appears in plate 9.

The author gives a great many useful hints on lighting, backgrounds, cameras and lenses, and other technicalities. But the basis of success is patience although 'a certain amount of animal psychology and a little cunning are necessary too, and a large percentage of luck'. It is good to read that Suschitzky has never photographed a dressed-up animal: 'I find this particular humour very unfunny and somehow degrading . . . Animals have their own dignity which one ought to respect'. No understanding of animals can be gained by looking upon them as comic human beings—the proper way to learn about them is to try to see the world as they do.

The introduction by Julian Huxley tells us what mammals are, and recounts the wonderfully successful adaptive radiation that has characterised their evolution and culminated in the ascent of man. And now 'the rate of cultural evolution has become something like a hundred thousand times as fast as that of biological evolution; for in the 20,000 years since the end of the Ice Age, the single species *Homo sapiens* has generated almost as much variety and novelty as pre-human life was able to do in the 2,000,000,000 years before that time'. But camels do not, as he states, store water in their stomachs.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS



Southern Sea-lion



Red deer calves

Both illustrations from 'Kingdom of the Beasts'

Challenge Awaiting Reply

Cyprus Challenge. By Percy Arnold. Hogarth Press. 21s.

'PHILHELLENE' IS IN DANGER of becoming a term of abuse, like 'pro-Boer' at the turn of the century. Those who support the policy of the British government towards Cyprus today find it exasperating that there are critics of that policy in this country, especially as there are none (or we hear of none) of the policy of *enosis* in Greece; and they incline to attribute these criticisms to philhellenism, and philhellenism in turn to the bias produced by a classical education. In these equations they commit a dangerous error: for philhellenism is in fact far from being the monopoly of those who have had a classical education, and the classically educated must number many staunch mis-hellenes in their ranks. More important still, the chief criticism of the present policy in Cyprus is not fundamentally philhellenic at all. What the critics argue is not that the British Government ought to cede Cyprus to Greece, but that sooner or later some British government is virtually certain to do so; and it is therefore prudent not to spend the intervening years in total disregard of that probability. It is possible to believe simultaneously that the Greek claim to Cyprus is absurd, anachronistic, and unjustified, and that it is bound eventually to succeed; and this is probably the most common combination of beliefs among those who have thought seriously about the question in England today.

It is perhaps not, however, the view to which Mr. Arnold would subscribe, for he is something of an extremist. He is also a conspicuous example of the philhellene created by circumstances rather than by education. His knowledge of the Greek language was clearly rudimentary when he went to Cyprus in 1943, and not much less so when he left the island in 1945. (This applies equally to the classical and the modern varieties of the language, so far as can be judged from his text; though no doubt a typographical irony rather than an error of Mr. Arnold's is to blame for the picture of 'Venus rising from the foam at Pathos'). To begin with he knew no more of Greeks than he did of Greek; and his instructions, which he faithfully obeyed so far as a journalist could, were to 'be British' and avoid giving offence to anyone, especially the Greeks and the Turks. He pursued a studied neutrality in politics, and he made friends with sympathetic ease in both communities, though without mastering the language of either. He reached the island without prejudices and without illusions; and he left it a convinced partisan of *enosis*. It should not be forgotten that all this took place more than ten years ago.

The reason is not far to seek. All journalists probably have an ingrained tendency to be 'agin the government' in greater or lesser degree, and Mr. Arnold had it more than most. When the government is a colonial government, the tendency is easily aggravated. Mr. Arnold came to regard the British colonial government of Cyprus with scarcely veiled hostility; and since of the two principal communities subjected to that government the Turks were those who took it lying down and the Greeks were those who fought against it, Mr. Arnold was practically bound to side with the Greeks. The following is a fairly typical passage, commenting on an official enquiry into an incident in which the police fired on a crowd and killed two people:

Government never published the findings of the Committee of Enquiry. That is Cyprus. They could be pleased with themselves. But Government by an alien clique with absolute powers had sunk a little deeper into contempt. And again I asked myself: How long can this form of Government last? How long do Englishmen want it to last? For that, it seemed to me, was the real challenge in the Cyprus problem.

His final answer to the problem is to speculate rather arbitrarily that British rule in Cyprus will end in 1978, which happens to be the centenary of its beginning, and he leaves no doubt at all that he expects the island then to pass under Greek sovereignty. It would be surprising if he did not prove to have over-extended the time-limit.

If he has done so, the reason might be that, to judge from internal evidence, he wrote his book, or most of it, some years ago. It certainly reads as if it were written not only of a quieter period (which is in fact that of 1943-45) but also in a quieter period than today. If that is so, it is a pity in some ways that ten years should have elapsed between the events described and their publication, for much might have been learned from a book of this kind (and with this title) three or four years ago. His picture of social life on the island is attractive and convincing; that of the colonial government is unkind but pointed and witty; and that of the political problems, though these are never

systematically analysed, is strikingly built up out of the accumulation of daily detail passing across a newspaper editor's desk. The book is readable, biased, and instructive. It treats some problems with an irresponsible degree of casualness (notably the reasons why the British Government thinks it needs to retain Cyprus), but it leaves a strong impression of honesty and sincerity. Though sometimes for the wrong reasons, Mr. Arnold found himself forced to a point of view which seems likely to prove correct. He is well worth reading, provided that it is done with a critical eye.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

Two Views of the World

The Penguin Atlas. Edited by J. S. Keates.

Penguin Books. 10s.

The Standard Reference Atlas.

George Philip. £7. 17s. 6d. and £5. 15s. 6d.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that two new atlases can be reviewed at the same time. These two also make a very strong contrast with one another. *The Penguin Atlas* has been edited by J. S. Keates, and contains 80 pages of maps—each page measuring 8 x 5½ inches. The maps are taken to three margins of the page and at the bottom space is left for title and legends. There is a page giving explanations of symbols on all the maps. Scales vary: those for the British Isles are 1 to 2 million; for most other countries 1 to 6 million, and a few maps covering larger areas are on a still smaller scale.

Apart from the physical maps of the continents, one of the world, and one of Europe, all the maps have a yellowish background, with the high ground shown in a light purplish colour. No specific height is associated with this colour, but it is for the most part applied with success, and the maps give a good impression from the physical point of view. Perhaps the least successful is that of France. The physical maps of the continents are different—the predominating colours are strong browns and greens, with white and blue for the surrounding oceans. Opinions will differ considerably about these maps: to the reviewer they appear too generalised, too 'impressionistic'—although it must be allowed that they bring out the relief of these big areas with some success. It is the way in which the mountains are drawn that calls for most criticism.

The choice of the other maps is excellent. By extending over the fold of the page, large areas are covered, and their extent is such that many world problems can be studied effectively. The maps of central Asia, Africa (north east), and the Far East are three good examples.

The maps have been printed and produced by Generalstabens Litografiska Anstalt in Stockholm; the index and other parts of the atlas by Richard Clay & Co. of Bungay. The type both on maps and in the index is good and clear and the fact that the index precedes the maps deserves the result the publishers wish for it. A few details which could easily be improved in a second edition may be mentioned. The maps of Scandinavia north and south are in themselves excellent, but surely the break could have been made so that all Finland came in the northern part? If part is repeated in the southern sheet, it does not matter, but as it stands it is awkward. Similarly a little manipulation of Japan (centre and south) could enable the whole island of Honshu to be shown. In the review copy—it may be an individual flaw—the extreme horn of Africa is omitted. Railway enthusiasts, even allowing for the inevitable smallness of scale, will find room for improvement on the map of southern Britain. An easily amended detail would be the naming of the projections used. The atlas as a whole is a success, and should be helpful to many different groups of people.

The Standard Reference Atlas is much bigger. The page size is 15½ x 10½ inches. It contains 120 maps, and a very full index. The Atlas is preceded by sixteen pages of statistical information. In the preface we read: 'The influence exerted by physical geography—that of relief, temperature, and rainfall—upon production and trade, communications and population, and consequently on political groupings and international agreements, is of paramount importance: hence the inclusion of maps covering these aspects of the subject'. All people familiar with maps will applaud this point of view, but unfortunately they will meet with disappointment in the atlas itself. Physical (relief) maps are given of all the continents, Switzerland (the Alps), England and Wales,

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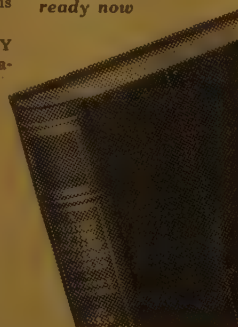
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Scotland, Ireland, the world in hemispheres, and the British Isles—but nowhere else. Instead we find rather brightly coloured maps showing political divisions, both internal and international. On two only of these—Spain and Portugal, and a very smudgy inset political map of Switzerland—mountain chains are shown by ‘caterpillars’. On the others, mountains are named, but no attempt whatever is made to indicate their trend or general shape. Occasional peak heights are given.

On the other hand, we find double-page spreads of politically coloured maps of Greece and Japan—to choose but two countries where relief is of major importance. If we want to study their physical features we must turn to maps of Europe and Asia. In the former a penny nearly covers Greece, and in the latter the extreme length of Japan is two-and-a-half inches. The same inadequate treatment applies to nearly all the maps. What is the value of a purely political map of South Africa, of India, of the East Indian Archipelago, of South America, of the United States? All map-users need the physical background, and it is not adequately shown for individual countries on a small-scale map of a whole continent. New Zealand is another glaring example; there is a double-page political map, but the largest physical representation of that country in the atlas measures four inches between extreme limits. In view of the fact that the same firm published a most useful ‘University’ Atlas, almost completely on a physical background, it is extraordinary that in their new atlas there should be an almost complete return to the old mid-Victorian political map. On the other hand, the type used on the maps is very clear and the names easy to read on most of them; it is perhaps a little unkind to add, after what has been said above, that the most difficult maps to read are the physical ones of parts of Britain—especially Scotland. The projections are named. The sea-floor contours are somewhat generalised and could be amended in the light of more recent information.

In the statistical pages, much of the information is both useful and interesting. Exchange rates for all countries are given, but some of these are of debatable value. The areas of continents, oceans, and seas are listed; but the authority for the divisions of the oceans is not given. In the Special Publication No. 23 of the International Hydrographic Bureau (1953) there is no separation of a Southern Ocean. The list of alternative spellings of place names is useful. It is a pity that on maps facing one another on pages 116 and 117 the height of Aconcagua and the spelling of Talcahuano are not the same.

For those who are satisfied with political colouring, this new atlas will be welcome; many more will regret that the emphasis is far too much on the political side.

J. A. STEERS.

A Good Scholar

Literary Essays. By David Daiches. Oliver and Boyd. 16s.

SCHOLARS (OF A SORT) keep rolling off the production-line until they are two a penny. They in their turn, like good little machine-tools, produce new batches of sub-scholars who ought to (but do not) fetch the Biblical price for sparrows. Are not two sold for a farthing? No, in fact they are not: they are sold for roughly £600-£1,200 a year to provincial universities where (automation run riot) they turn out clutch upon clutch of sub-sub-scholars. They may be recognised by the crinkle in their shoulders—the weight of their learning is too much for them: and more especially by the angular non-human jerk of their gait. For the paradox of the scholar who is only a scholar is that he studies life and the products of life in such a way that he, and his mental grasp of the objects of his study, become divorced from life. He studies literature, let us say, which is books that arise both out of emotional and moral life and are comments on it, written by authors who loved and sweated and took tea with friends; and the burden of mere fact which he has first to assimilate in order to be able to deal with this material, lies so heavy upon his unable shoulders that the books turn into fossils and their authors into typewriting weathercocks, helplessly turning in the statistically assessed breezes of ‘school’ or ‘influence’.

The good scholar is of course the one who has managed to keep alive in spite of it all; and no one writing today is a better scholar in this sense than Dr. Daiches. He has immense learning—worn, as it should be worn, lightly but firmly. At the same time he is under the

impression neither that life and literature started in 1920 nor that they stopped there. His subjects vary widely: Shakespeare, Richardson, Dylan Thomas, Whitman, Scott, Christopher North, and general themes ranging from Bible-translation to the ‘New’ Criticism. On some of these (Shakespeare, Thomas) he may perhaps be thought more to travel hopefully than to arrive. To others (Richardson, North) he deals no more nor less than justice, civil, urbane, unarguable, leaving nothing further to be said. But his best appreciations are those of Whitman and Scott, both major authors who have been awkwardly evading their re-appraisals, now long due. The Whitman lecture (delivered at the library of Congress during last year’s centenary celebrations) treats of the poet as philosopher, showing that Whitman’s inconsistencies—

Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself.

—are normally more apparent than real. Scott is handled (and high time too) as an anti-romantic:

In the context of European literature Scott has appeared to some as the founder of a new romantic interest in the feudal glories of the medieval past; but if we accept this, what becomes of *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality* and *Redgauntlet*, among Scott’s greatest and most characteristic novels, which record the transition from the heroic to the modern world and explore the relation between heroism and prudence, with the triumph always accorded in the end to the latter?

These essays are not seminal, in the sense that they do not attempt to establish new techniques or criteria of criticism: but as the balanced judgements of a man of profound learning who has nevertheless retained a true understanding of the interdependencies of literature and experience, they could hardly be bettered.

HILARY CORKE

From Science to Utopia

The Sane Society. By Erich Fromm.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

DR. FROMM DENOUNCES the meaninglessness of modern life. He calls this ‘alienation’, in the same sense in which Marx used the term, borrowed from Hegel. Man is alienated from himself and others because he produces commodities impersonally, participates mechanically in factory work, is subject to a political machinery beyond his control, buys new things insatiably without need, gains leisure which bores him, competes aimlessly with others and strives with them blindly to conform to an anonymous conventionalism. Deprived of the joy of creative craftsmanship and of any sense of serving real needs, starved of interpersonal relations; loveless and indeed lacking all sense of reality, man becomes alienated also in the pathological sense. He has no inner world and gives no genuine response to the outer world. Hence comes totalitarianism and national frenzy. ‘Having no faith, being deaf to the voice of conscience, and having a manipulating intelligence but little reason, man is bewildered and willing to appoint to the position of leader anyone who offers him a total solution’.

But this diagnosis is difficult to harmonise with Dr. Fromm’s resolute modernism. He fully appreciates the glories of the scientific age in which, he says, moral and intellectual conscience were fused and ‘brought about a flowering of human creation as man had hardly ever known before’. Surely, this mighty creative process has not abated up to this day. We may respect Dr. Fromm’s intense dislike of American ways which informs his noble zeal, but he should notice also that his adoptive country has during the past 25 years become in contemporary music and literature, in all sciences and most branches of scholarship, fairly equal or even superior to any European country. Along with horror comics, etc., it has produced one of the greatest cultural efflorescences on record. It seems odd that its people should be internally dead at this very time. Odder still, that Europeans should have already been dying from lack of creativity more than a century ago when Marx and other early prophets, approvingly quoted by the author, were first denouncing our progressive alienation. Dr. Fromm leaves also unexplained why some of the least industrialised people have proved most prone to totalitarianism and fanatical nationalism, though according to his diagnosis they should have been least alienated. Perhaps our trouble lies after all elsewhere, and alas, even deeper.

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But doubts about Dr. Fromm's theory of our ills need not prevent us from welcoming any wholesome reforms he may have in mind. He wants to form 'an unalienated society in which every working person participates actively and responsibly in industry and in politics'. His survey of recent co-operative enterprises in Europe, mainly in France, aiming at comradeship among the participants, shows that after a century of disappointments this movement is still alive. But it remains as obscure as ever how such an enterprise—as for example the watch-case factory of Boimondau described here in detail—should work primarily 'to serve the people, and not to make profit', how it should know whether a particular demand for watch-cases is a 'real need' or one that is 'artificially created'.

It is sad and at the same time refreshing to see an author of such erudition and humane fervour, well-equipped with the sciences of deep psychology and the formidable framework of modern sociology, return to such simple-minded aspirations. There certainly needs no ghost of Marx and Freud come from the grave to teach us that society should be 'bound by bonds of brotherly love, justice and truth'; indeed, what is so gratifying here is to see that in spite of these stern scientific mentors, on whom he heavily relies for a start, the author blandly returns to these commonplaces of human decency. Socialism seems to be on its way back from a Science to a Utopia which, if impracticable, is at least honest and humane. But this is where the search for a good society should start, not finish.

MICHAEL POLANYI

Scarlet and Black

Report on the Vatican. By Bernard Wall.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

... conte moy si tu veulx
Des nouvelles du Pape, et du bruit de la ville,

wrote Du Bellay, but the tradition of Roman gossip is one which the isolated English have found hard to acquire. The ramifications of Vatican bureaucracy need long residence in the City for a patient unravelling, and the self-consciousness of English Roman Catholics make it difficult for them to assume that easy familiarity of the family which to an outsider seems irreverent or even cynical. It is not so much a question of being Roman Catholic as of being Roman, and Mr. Wall has earned his naturalisation. He has made a book which is something of a guide to the Vatican City, something of a papal history, very much a vade-mecum of this other world 'which turns on its own axis', and a who's-who of the leading figures which is not above a bit of authentic gossip. All this might add up to little more than propaganda had not the author possessed a saving grace. He may have what Rabelais called 'papomanie', but mercifully he has escaped the 'papolatrie' which marks the present Pontificate; and he is endowed with a gift rare among modern Catholic writers—the pre-clerical spirit. This transforms his book. It permits him to indulge the hates of a normal civilised man, the lucidity of a humanist, and the common sense which, for example, refuses to be stamped into the frightened invective of Radio Vatican against M. Peyrefitte's *Les Clés de Saint-Pierre*.

What abiding impression remains from a reading of this book? It does much to confirm the uneasiness of those who, inside or outside the Church, have watched what Mr. Wall calls 'the process of clericalisation' with increasing dismay. This is by no means of recent growth, and indeed it may be necessary for the efficient organisation of a society which ramifies across the world and must assert its existence against the powerful forces inimical to it. But organisation for defence is one thing; quite another is what advertising jargon calls 'promotional activity'. In a world of dictatorships, overt or secret, it is perhaps inevitable that the Vatican should surrender to the *mystique* of showmanship with its concentration of power at the centre infectiously susceptible to all the techniques of display. Clerical power, at least in the modern world, is not so much sinister as silly. The Holy See is not likely to compromise the Faith, but the 'process of clericalisation' may weaken it with devotional eccentricities. The spate of canonisations, encyclicals and papal allocutions in the last years seems less to diffuse the supernatural wisdom of a Divine Society than to throw a spotlight on the clerical power, a Pontiff who does not appear averse to such apotheosis. 'It is the end of the Marian Year and there is an

outburst of crowning Madonnas', writes Mr. Wall in a Roman Diary. 'The Pope himself has led the way by crowning a Madonna with precious jewels on the terrace of the Benedictions in St. Peter's before a vast concourse—several hundreds of thousands of people—gathered in Piazza San Pietro. It is a major achievement of his Pontificate'. Did Mr. Wall write that last sentence with 'no ironical undertone'?

But it would be unfair to inculcate the author with these inferences from his candid book. His role is primarily the purveyor of information which cannot easily be gleaned elsewhere: the conduct of Consistories, the function of Offices, finance, the way the institution works. He says much that dispels ignorance and prejudice. He is sensible and forthright about Vatican diplomacy, for example. 'The Vatican', he writes, 'has diplomatic habits that sometimes strike one as sinuous'; but misunderstanding about Concordats might be avoided if it was always remembered that 'the Vatican is "neutral" about political systems; it demands freedom for the Church, it does not demand freedom in itself'. Yet somewhere there is a sense of strain in Mr. Wall's writing, a trace of unresolved conflict behind the toughness of the style. Excellent photographs adorn the text, as sharp as Cartier Bresson's, and not the least revealing are the portraits of the three leaders of Christian Democracy; they seem about to enter, at any moment, those claustrophobic glass cabins in which Mr. Francis Bacon confines his screaming figures. The faces of the clerical politicians—the Tardini and the Montini—appear, in contrast, curiously relaxed. Perhaps that is why they could move with such calculated deliberation to liquidate the Priest-Workers. '*Revenons donc au catholicisme sans cléricisme, c'est la bonne formule*', wrote Max Jacob. For one reader his plea has haunted the study of this book.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Prelude to War

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945.

Series D. Vol. VI. H.M.S.O. 50s.

THIS IS THE MOST admirably edited of any of the numerous volumes of documents on foreign policy that have poured from the presses in recent years. The editors, faced with the intertwining of all diplomatic issues as war approached, wisely decided to abandon their previous arrangement of papers by subject and to publish the documents for these months of March to August 1939 in simple chronological order; but they have minimised the inconveniences of this method by providing a most valuable analytical list of the papers arranged under country headings, so that a student interested primarily in, say, German-Spanish relations can within seconds turn to the pages relevant to his theme. The care of the editors is further revealed in the meticulousness with which they have checked their material against other documentary collections already published. Some of these papers have appeared in *Nazi-Soviet Relations*, printed in Washington, and in *Documents and Materials Relating to the Eve of the Second World War*, printed in Moscow. The records of other parties to many of the interviews minuted here are to be found in Woodward and Butler's British collection, in *I Documenti Diplomatici Italiani*, in *Ciano's Diplomatic Papers*, in the various Blue Books and White Books published before and during the war, and in the records of the Nuremberg trials. In all cases the editors seem to have compared their text with any others that are available, sometimes with several in several languages, they repeatedly draw attention to slight discrepancies or differences of meaning, and frequently when for some reason a gap in their own material is found they refer the reader to another source where some substitute for the missing paper may be read.

Since so many of the documents now published have appeared elsewhere, it is natural that this collection does not add greatly to our knowledge, though it is a convenience to have the German records gathered together in English to set against the major British and Italian collections. Some of the more obvious and tantalising gaps in *Nazi-Soviet Relations* have been filled: in particular the way in which both Moscow and Berlin used the interrupted economic negotiations to edge towards the political discussions from which emerged the Nazi-Soviet Pact is thoroughly documented—and the fuller record printed here shows the Germans pressing much more vigorously for political exchanges than was allowed to appear in the State Department's earlier



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selection. On the other hand this fuller record changes very little the impression created by Moscow's counter-publication of the Dirksen papers, showing how Britain was exploring the possibility of agreement with the Nazis no less than the Soviet Union; and however much one may question the tactics of Chamberlain in trying to keep open the door to Berlin before final agreement with the Soviets had been reached, the fact remains that the British Government was wholly unwilling to condone further Nazi expansion, while Stalin, by his agreement with Hitler, not merely facilitated the latter's aggression but shared its fruits. For the rest, these papers add a few pieces to the complicated puzzle of Balkan relations, they show Weizsäcker and his underlings unpleasantly aping the methods and mind of their master Ribbentrop, they reveal Mussolini, now in physical decline, becoming more and more a creature of wind and bombast out of touch with reality, and in contrast Hitler himself stands repellently forth, as yet still cunning in his wickedness, and horrifying in his passionate megalomaniac planning to glorify his soul through the destruction of what matter how many others. These documents are indeed hardly light reading, but the more who study this history of evil, the less likely perhaps a repetition may be.

P. A. REYNOLDS

A Marxist Critic

After the Thirties: the Novel in Britain and its Future

By Jack Lindsay. Lawrence and Wishart. 15s.

IN THE MYTH, the long gold afternoon of honey and fern ends with the shot archduke in the evening paper. The great house falls, the butler and the spider reign grossly, the sensitive children are scattered and debauched in foreign lidos, then, grey, aimless and mourning, sit in endless reverie on the lawn, trying to remount the poetic stream of consciousness toward the garden of lost innocence. It has infected all our literature since the war with elegy. The Angus Wilson heroes believe it but try to cope, the Lucky Jims hate it but cannot escape. Almost all our novels have been bound in some way to this fantasy no one now remembers.

Where are our Balzacs, our Tolstoyes, our George Eliots? Who will hold up the true, broad mirror of fiction to our own time? The great Victorians bequeathed us a definition of the novel as an image of society: must the image always continue to be a fairy tale of theirs, or a lament for it? There are other definitions, of course. One French tradition, from Constant to Colette, chooses to image a mood; Melville and Kafka, no less than a cosmos. But the Victorian definition is a necessary one, and our favourite in this country. Why, then, has no English novelist since 1918 come near to fulfilling it adequately? Where is our *Vanity Fair*, our *Middlemarch*, our *Les Misérables*?

Mr. Lindsay is a Marxist critic, which means that, uninterested in other definitions, he asks the familiar question more urgently than most of us, but also with more right. Let us bury, for heaven's sake, the stale jokes about tractors. Our social literature of the last thirty years makes a poor show beside the achievement of Communism and its friends: an achievement, we tend to forget, which includes the work of the younger Malraux and Silone, Dos Passos and Dreiser, of Aragon, Lorca, O'Casey, Brecht. A reading of Gorki's autobiographies will almost alone justify their claims, should be enough to convict of poverty the literature which cannot show, somewhere, such a sense of a people, their land and their labour. Most of us will agree that the greatest literature has grown on some such sense: at least upon a clear, comprehensive vision of reality, unwarped and unsentimentalised by ignorance or fear of the society around it. A fair and intelligent Marxist critic, therefore, should command our attention. He might be able to illuminate in detail the deficiencies we recognise, to force to our attention the realities we have left out of our reckoning.

Mr. Lindsay, unfortunately, is not so much a critic as a preacher. He rarely descends to detail; most of the time he is an abstract and oracular voice, speaking from a cloud of woolly and improbable nineteenth-century metaphysics, of romantic and arbitrary anthropology. He makes some palpable hits at Orwell and his projection of his own disgusts and pride in his political journalism. He points out accurately the almost total indifference of British writers and their public to Asia and Africa, praising one or two of the novelists—George Tabori and

Doris Lessing—who have entered imaginatively into the predicament of the subject races. On the whole, however, his book, considering its title, is remarkable chiefly for the little it says about the work of living English novelists. Mr. Lindsay devotes one chapter to Huxley, *The Heart of the Matter* and *Hemlock and After*, which he dislikes; another to James Aldridge, John Cousins and Gwyn Thomas, whom he likes. But several of the names in the short index—William Golding, Kingsley Amis, Nigel Dennis—are to be found only in footnotes, where Mr. Lindsay wishes he had space to amplify some case by dealing with them. The space he cannot spare is given to developing his own notion of a future Communist aesthetic.

He calls this the objective depiction of reality. But neither 'reality' nor 'objective' means what we usually mean. Reality, it appears, is some kind of essence which unfolds organically; it is not enough to describe the present in its fullness, even if we could, we must grasp 'the laws of organic change', and so discern 'the concrete future' latent in a situation. Similarly, it is not enough to depict men as the creatures of a historical situation, this is 'negative' or 'pessimistic'. We must disentangle their 'essential humanity', unconditioned and transcendent. It is not enough, therefore, to be 'objective'. True objectivity is unquestioning faith in the struggle of the workers, who alone have the power to free mankind from historical necessity; and faith in the workers means, it seems, faith in the Soviet Union. Mr. Lindsay dates the decline of the English novel, not from 1914, but from the winter of 1939-40, when the left-wing intellectuals of the 'thirties lost this faith. He refers obscurely to this period as one of doubt and stress. This, he implies, was due to the subtlety with which the western allies launched an attack on Russia through Finland. Nowhere does he refer by name to the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

The English novel may be sleeping, enchanted by the myth of 1914. Mr. Lindsay betrays clearly that he is wrapped from reality by a mythology even more old-fashioned, in which Rousseauesque Natural Men walk haloed in Hegelian essences, and wheels, bows and books are made, not by men, but by a mystic General Will. Significantly, the literature to which he harks back wistfully is not Victorian realism, but Victorian prophecy: to Ruskin, Carlyle, and William Morris. We shall have to go on waiting for a Balzac, a Tolstoy, a George Eliot. Mr. Lindsay, struggling on the thorns of his dialectic, is evidently the wrong prince.

RONALD BRYDEN

Beauty from Ugliness

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. By Douglas Cooper.

Thames and Hudson. 84s.

WHY ARTISTS PAINT the subjects they do paint is a question too often taken for granted. In the past, of course, they usually painted what they were told to paint, but in the nineteenth century the choice of subject surely reveals as much as anything the character and purpose of an artist. Mr. Douglas Cooper has much to say that is instructive about Toulouse-Lautrec's highly idiosyncratic choice of models and scenes; he was dissipated, of course, and he painted scenes of dissipation, but there is a great deal more to it than this. He had, it would seem, actually to force himself into Bohemia, a country altogether different from that in which he was brought up. Mr. Cooper quotes a letter Lautrec wrote to his grandmother: 'I am leading a Bohemian life and I find it difficult to accustom myself to such a milieu. Indeed one of the chief reasons why I do not feel at my ease on the Butte Montmartre is that I am hampered by a host of sentimental ties which I must absolutely forget if I want to achieve anything'.

But even in Bohemia, even in Montmartre, it is possible for two artists to see two totally different things; Renoir made an idyll of the Moulin de la Galette, but Lautrec's reasons for painting the Moulin Rouge are summed in what he said to Yvette Guilbert: 'Everywhere and always ugliness has its beautiful aspects; it is thrilling to discover them where nobody else has noticed them'. So his attitude was altogether different from that of Degas who certainly did not look for beauty in ugliness but regarded his subjects simply as a pretext; he disliked being called a painter of dancers and said that they only provided him with movement and pretty dresses.

Lautrec was very much a caricaturist and the material he used for his

pictures was rapid studies of figures which were often brilliant caricatures, though the features count for less than the pose and gestures in evoking the character of the model—Mr. Cooper points out that this was so even in some of Lautrec's portraits. So Lautrec may be said to have begun his search for beauty by exaggerating the ugliness of the model; the beauty that he found in this ugliness derives wholly from the arrangement of the figures in their setting and, of course, from his style and method. He seems to have found this style very suddenly, with as rapid and complete a change of artistic method as any in Picasso's career. After painting in a vaguely impressionist manner he produced without any transitional experiments, at the end of the year 1888, the picture known as 'Cirque Fernando: L'Equestrienne', which depends entirely on the use of linear rhythms and flattened silhouette.

Mr. Cooper says that Lautrec's work is not caricature or reporting; he points out the artist's detachment and impartial inspection of even the most squalid scenes. In a sense this is true, though it cannot be denied that Yvette Guilbert had some justification for saying when she saw Lautrec's sketch of her: 'You little monster! You've made me look a horror!' The explanation of what seems to be a paradox may be that once the element of caricature in his artistic vision had found expression, in the first quick studies, he was afterwards entirely concerned with the transformation to be effected by style and artifice. Stylisation, indeed, is often carried to an extreme point, more especially in his admirable lithographs and posters, almost as far, in fact, as the *Art Nouveau* decoration which without much doubt largely derives from Lautrec's own work. Yet, because of the preliminary element of caricature, stylisation never succeeds in removing the sense of immediate reality.

ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

Irish Mandarin

Dublin's Joyce. By Hugh Kenner. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

THIS NEW STUDY of James Joyce would have achieved a great deal if, besides elucidating much that has hitherto been obscure in Joyce's work, it had done nothing else than establish at last that this was a man with the clarity, inflexibility, scope and force of a powerful and original thinker. Mr. Kenner has been able to do this because he is the first critic to bring to his subject a critical apparatus equipped to deal with it at every point. The two weaknesses of his book are of a corresponding order. His response to lyric feeling seems weak; he can understand and analyse better than he can feel. And his basic approach is based on a dissatisfaction with the entire Romantic movement amounting to something between a faith and a phobia which he assumes to be as unarguable as a major premise in a syllogism. With these grave reservations his book is the most intelligent, clearest (although difficult) and complete study of Joyce to date. It may well turn out to be one of the seminal books of literary criticism of our century.

We had always known that Joyce's subject was Dublin and Dubliners. A subject, however, is not a theme and the amount of apparently purely naturalistic detail with which he loaded his books had left us wondering—in spite of the many interpretations and elucidations of his metaphors and symbols—whether there is, in fact, any theme at all in the *Portrait*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Mr. Hugh Kenner has most plausibly produced the theme. These books are indeed concerned with a city and its citizens and overtly describe only

a series of individual lives; thematically they deal with—to put it bluntly—the Decline of the West, its collapse into the hideous chasm of the nineteenth century. Joyce, in this view, was supremely fortunate in having been born in a city which still retained the last vespertine glow of the century of Swift and Burke; a city not indeed civilised, far from it, but echoing the voices of the dead, its life (the word should be put between quotation marks) an eloquent parody of the good old days before the beastly industrial and still more beastly romantic revolution. His city was a whispering gallery of the past. It teetered on the brink of the future. His father's memories and vigorous language, the grave buildings about him, the songs in the pubs, the eloquence of the commonest citizen, even the hollow and mechanical words of his teachers—priests turned policemen—evoked traditions of a time when not only Dublin but all Europe was still in and of Christendom. But it was only an evocation. The city was paralysed except in its mouth. Otherwise it was a corpse. An unpromising subject one might think—all those fate-blinded gasbags and guffers, however witty, however inspired as to the biting or colourful word. But what a theme if one were to place among them one steel-cold, clear-eyed observer to record satirically, yet not without passion or that love which always hides behind the mask of satire, the crisis—symbolically universal—of Sodom and Begorrah!

The implication is that Joyce's mind was that of a Swift exiled into the wrong century; that he laboured for and won a degree of clear-headed objectivity possessed—it would almost seem—by no other novelist in the world in his day. It is not the impression we get from Stephen Daedalus. But is it central to Mr. Kenner's position of attack that Stephen is not James: he is an analogue of Dublin—he is Dublin *in excelsis* even in his revolt, since his revolt is futile; he is a parody of himself and of his circumstances. Behind him, working the puppet's strings, stands the amused if sympathetic author who already foresees that in *Ulysses* he will mock this fallen Icarus. The Pateresque prose is not Joyce's. It is Stephen's. The self-pity, the arrogance, the pose, the role of martyr-hero, even the ideas (e.g., about philosophy) are all parody. It is as if Joyce, looking at *Chamber Music*, considered these poems as veritable documentary evidence of the best possible kind of non-Celtic-Twilight poetry that anybody labouring under the thwarting influence of his city and his upbringing could be expected to produce. And Mr. Kenner specifically says that Joyce did come to this total objectivity about them—and in the same manner about all his strugglings, as if he were his own case-history.

Mr. Kenner, who clearly admires Joyce this side of idolatry, is satisfied that he flew by every net. And yet does he, one wonders, realise that in explaining Joyce's mental procedures as a thinker he has gone dangerously close towards destroying his emotional appeal as an artist? If, indeed, even the stories of *Dubliners* are less about individuals than about Joyce's ideas about individuals—if, for example, the paralysed priest in *The Sisters* is not a paralysed priest but a symbol of Ireland or of the Church—are we not immediately thrown out of human sympathy, filled with an uncomfortable feeling that we are being got at by a man more interested in theories than in human beings? It is chilling, for instance, to be told that since the party in *The Dead* is given by two old ladies this may remind us that since Swift's day the cultural order has shifted from the masculine mode to the feminine. I think Joyce did use symbolism, but at his best unconsciously; and consciously only whenever his natural passion as (pace Mr. Kenner) an essentially romantic artist flagged. Which is why I still think the *Portrait* was his best book, written before that steely mind had begun completely to tame, if not to cow, the passionate impulses of his indignant heart.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN



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FABER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Too Much About Films?

INDISPENSABLE AS FILM is to television at present, we viewers would not be hard put to it to mock up a grievance about being required to take in altogether too much about films generally. Hardly a day passes without some film actor or actress being interrogated solemnly about his or her next picture, as if it were a work of universal significance and the player a benefactor of mankind. That polished compilation, 'Picture Parade', doubtless ministers to the longings of a million or two fans, probably more, but it is my opinion that B.B.C. television 'plays up' to films to the point of silliness, as if its future depends on the ungrudging good will of the industry and its patrons. Writing in *The Times* a week or so ago, an experienced practitioner in the documentary realm, Paul Rotha, suggested that 'the film may at length reach adulthood', which, after sixty years, is a shaky compliment. The sooner B.B.C. television pushes ahead with Eurovision and forgets about films in their more extravagant context the better, especially now that it feels constrained to fling so much American canned stuff in our faces.

'We Are Your Servants' they begged us to believe with the well-simulated humility of an earlier tradition of entertainment but what they served us with the other night was almost all *soufflé*; the baked meats of documentary were untouched. Yet it was clear enough, from the jokes alone, that television light entertainment has advanced hardly at all in the ten years, while there has been achievement on the documentary side. For the moment, it seems to be suffering from stasis and possibly the writing energy of a Duncan Ross and the production skill of a Caryl Doncaster are needed to restore an ailing circulation. Meanwhile, there was the helpful injection of 'Up to Date', the not very suggestive title for Paul Johnstone's new venture in historical inquiry, starting with the Battle of Hastings: what happened in 1066? I have a proprietorial interest in that event; the front windows of Vinehall Farm, near Battle, where I first saw the light, give a view of Senlac ridge and the oldest people, shepherds and such, talked of the battle from what may have been folk recollection. Nearer, and still more romantic to a boy, there was Archers' Wood. Even so, watching the programme, I was not allergic to the masquerade of Surrey Walking Club members garbed as Harold's warriors, to Battle Abbey schoolgirls marking the battle lines, or to Major-General West speaking descriptively to us from the site in the panoply of his rank. The men of Surrey had undergone a tough marching test on our behalf and deserved a vote of thanks. The producer's notion of pitching the programme at the eleven-plus level was a poor compliment to those of us whose seniority implies that we are in full possession of our senses at 9.30 p.m. But I enjoyed the programme. It was a good example of television's power to combine a variety of resources into a single act of communication.

It might be disputatious to ask whether televising Test cricket and the Royal Tournament is a sign of advance in a direction other than the technical. I can report having received authentic thrills from both Trent Bridge and



'Up to Date'—1: The Battle of Hastings', on June 5: two members of the Surrey Walking Club, who volunteered to march twenty miles in a day in Saxon armour, stop for refreshment

Earls Court Arena. 'Test Forum', with Arthur Morris (Australia), Jack Fingleton (Australia), R. W. V. Robins (England), and I. A. R. Peebles (England), and Peter West, as chairman, on the rostrum, was well worth its time. The device of screening questioners' countenances from distant parts might be commended to John Furness, who produces 'The Brains Trust'. That clock-conscious symposium is apt to be beset by the superficial, as when a viewer put in a question two Sundays ago based on Arnold Bennett's regard for 'pavement' as a beautiful word. 'Of course, Bennett *would* say that', said Alan Melville, glibly missing the point. Last Sunday's

good brains, including V. S. Pritchett's, were made to wrestle with more than one bad question. Like many another B.B.C. activity, questions for 'The Brains Trust' need experienced editing. The same producer gave us, the day before, a most attractive edition of 'Gardening Club', with Percy Thrower taking us, on film, to the lovely garden of Rowallane, in Northern Ireland. It was a pleasure to meet the owner, Mrs. Armytage-Moore, and to share her memories of making many blossoms grow where none grew before, a dedication of fifty of her seventy-nine years.

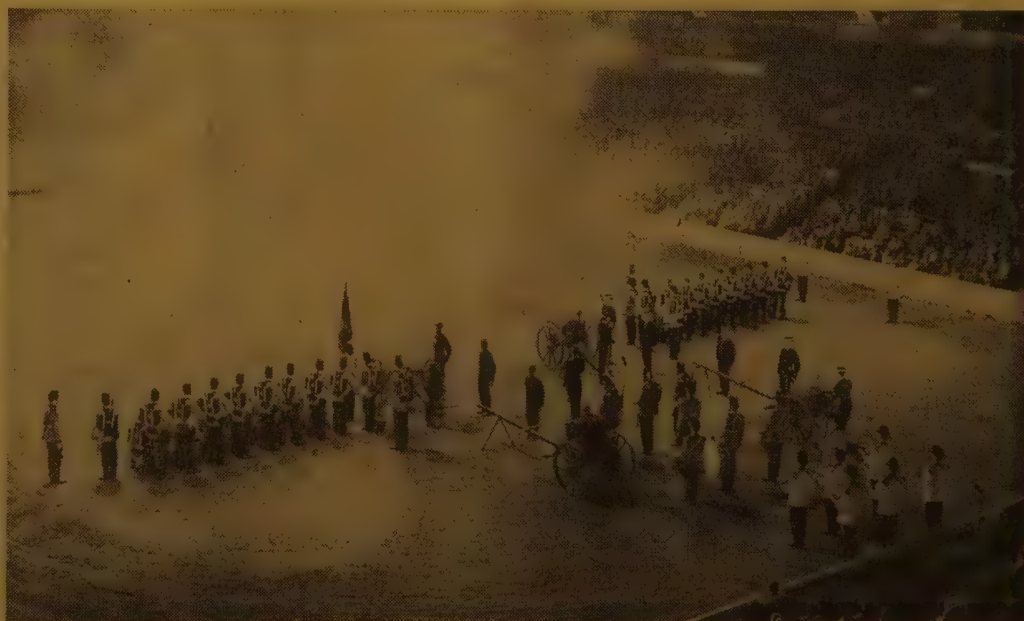
'Report from America' had something new for us, too. Over there extraordinary forces are at work to woo and cajole the ordinary consumer away from the habits of a lifetime. American department stores are reproducing themselves by a kind of parthenogenesis. Segments of them are breaking off, as it were, and starting a life of their own in the suburbs of their parent cities, taking their amenities to the customers instead of waiting for their customers to come to them. We saw the process illustrated in terms of a merchandising crisis which is driving the small shops of the U.S.A. out of business at the rate of scores every week.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Right Time

THE LENGTH OF TIME allotted to various types of television drama is a matter of some importance. Looking-in at a screen-play is generally admitted to be more strain, on the eyes, if not on the mind, than looking-on at a stage-play. In any case the theatre allows for one or more intervals during a performance. Ninety minutes of television drama without a break is quite a big helping, and I am sure that many viewers would welcome a short pause when a play runs over an hour. Further, would not many television plays, now timed for ninety minutes, be



At the Royal Tournament, Earls Court, on June 8: The Fort Henry Guard of Ontario, Canada, demonstrating battle tactics of the mid-nineteenth century

more advantageously seen if cut down to an hour? That might certainly be the case where there is a small cast and a limited sphere of action.

My thoughts about the time-ration were strengthened by a television play written (and acted in) by Ronald Adam. Called 'Marriage Settlement', it was the story of a couple whose eagerness to marry was frustrated by a previous disastrous marriage. The poisonous animosity of a first wife led to the possibility of poison having been used: there were police inquiries: there was an ingeniously twisted end. But I had begun to feel, before the hour and a half were over, that the twisting would have been all the better for being reached in two-thirds of the time.

John Robinson is always an excellent actor in the plays of distraught domesticity in which I enjoy seeing him now and again. On this occasion he was allotted such a lengthy role, with so much repetition of his sufferings at the hands of the relentless first wife, that my sympathies went as much to the player as to the poor fellow whom he had to impersonate. Those who think that a part must be a good one because of its length are being short-sighted. Towards the end of Ronald Adam's play Carl Jaffé, as a sudden arrival in the story, was notably successful in his role. He gained by the very fact of his part's brevity and by the comparative tautness of its dialogue, whereas Patricia Marmont and John Robinson, who had been with us from the start, were making a brave fight against prolixity.

The 'Saturday Comedy Hour' features and is named after one particular comedian. Usually appearing in sketches, he fills about half the bill, leaving the other thirty minutes to song, dance, and assorted turns. Since it is seemingly impossible to make sure of good sketches, the comedian would often be more effective solo, especially if he normally works that way in vaudeville. Jimmy Wheeler, with his affable London patter, is a highly skilled music-hall man who can amply hold an audience on his own: in the 'Jimmy Wheeler Show' I wanted more of Wheeler as himself instead of Wheeler planet-landing in a space-travel sketch. As a vociferous football fan, who has made his way to a Test match and finds the proceedings to be dilatory to watch, difficult to comprehend, and much needing stimulation, he was far better suited than in space-travel uniform.

P.C. Dixon has come back to Dock Green with the prolific Ted Willis to invent new police-court proceedings. Half-an-hour is just the right length for these short stories of the domestic screen and Jack Warner, presenting, like Jimmy Wheeler, another large and genial piece of London life, comes smiling through. The police were not greatly extended in the first of the new series, since the ladies of the region took the law into their own powerful hands; no doubt P.C. Dixon will have to stir himself this week. But one hardly expects Mr. Warner to pounce like a panther on any miscreant. His strong line is showing that a policeman's life is mainly protective routine in which the constable is more concerned to be a good uncle than a formidable sleuth.

For Colin Morris' 'Desert

Duel' ninetyminytes was not at all too long. It had film shots to give it variety: it had hundreds of North African miles to give it space: it had a variety of army types and immensity of ardours and endurances. Sex-jealousy added a spice of plot, but plot was hardly needed where there was so much of blood and sweat and sand. A powerful story of a desperate venture in long-distance 'recce', it was finely produced by Andrew Osborn with a well-chosen company in which Richard Pasco and Eric Lander were prominent as combatants in a double sense. Matched with my memories of the stage production, under the name of 'Desert Rats' in 1945, the televised version, with its pictorial additions, was the better tribute to the achievements of a great army. I have seen it complained that there were mistakes in service detail. If there were (and I believe Colin Morris wrote with first-hand experience), why bother? The courage of men at the end of their tether was the subject and it was finely suggested.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Distant View

WHILE LISTENING on Sunday night, I thought of the landscape-gardeners who would put a classical temple at the end of a ride or avenue to close the prospect. The play was John Ford's 'The Broken Heart' (Third), once a Poel



Scene from 'Desert Duel' on June 10 with (left) Richard Pasco as Captain David Scott and Eric Lander as Captain Anthony Palmer

revival. In this tragedy of ancient Greece—an uncommon setting for a Stuart dramatist—the listener seems always to be at a distance. There, beyond, are the marble columns, first on a moody afternoon (autumn is an appropriate time), touched now and again by a flicker of sun, and then under the glow of sunset: blood upon the marble. Always the tragedy is remote from us: our own hearts are not broken.

True; and yet the play keeps the mind like a sad autumnal air. Here, as Penthea says, 'one sings another's knell'. The mood is constant. With wisdom, John Ford did not trouble about noisy comic relief. There are no hulking half-wits in this Sparta; nothing must interfere with the tune and its melancholy, the slow dance of love and death before the distant marble, the note of 'a winding-sheet, a fold of lead'. Occasionally a voice is raised, as when the splenetic Bassanes (as fearful as any cuckolded Restoration husband would be of 'the deformed bear-whelp, adultery') proclaims his jealous fear. But such utterances as these are few. It is a play that, to vary Calantha's words to Penthea,

almost 'feels too much its melancholy'. At the last it rises to one of the famous acts of Stuart drama. Severally, while Calantha dances at a wedding - revel, messengers bring to her news of doom: her father's death, Penthea's, then the murder of her lover Ithocles. Blood on the marble; but Calantha says, 'How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly!' Later, as the new-made Queen of Sparta, before her own swan-like end, fading in music, she formally weds dead Ithocles, 'the shadow of my contracted lord'. Thus is the oracle's word fulfilled that 'the lifeless trunk shall wed the broken heart'.

Calantha's 'heart is broke' and one does not share in her sorrow. Although on Sunday Beatrix Lehmann spoke with dignity, the plot had never come near to us. Even the end of chaste Penthea was not a theme for grief. There Nicolette Bernard had a liliated simplicity, yet something formal in the tragedy dried any tear:



'Marriage Settlement' on June 7, with (left to right) John Robinson as Alec Strannack, Patricia Marmont as Frances Strannack, Victor Brooks as Detective-Inspector Forshaw, Ronald Adam as Mr. Carew, and Carl Jaffé as Zanuck

we watched and listened from afar. Even so, much dwells in memory—first, Robert Harris' noble speaking as Orgilus. The hero forfeits our sympathy when he stabs Ithocles to death after clamping him into a chair, a device that reminded me (with fantastic incongruity) of the fate of the three adventurers in Ainsworth's 'Auriol': 'All three were caught by stout wooden hooks, which, detaching themselves from the back of the chairs, pinioned their arms'.

Others established their parts firmly. Baliol Holloway, well used to a crown, governed Sparta for us with splendid ease, and both John Westbrook and Anthony Jacobs did honour to Ford. We are glad to have heard this remote, sad play with its sudden lingering phrases. 'He has shook hands with time' says Bassanes of Orgilus after helping him, politely, to bleed to death. It was a line, reminiscent of the Shakespearean 'that hast so long walkt hand in hand with time', that made me wonder vaguely whether Ford could have read 'Troilus and Cressida'. Certainly Ithocles' 'Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks' recalls Troilus' 'Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage'. R. D. Smith, who prepared the radio text and produced, kept for us the autumn light upon the marble.

In 'By and Large' (Home) we had a distant view of an age that may produce a Director of the Underground Spoken Word. I shall not travel in the Goodge Street lift again without remembering this programme's sensitive interpretations of 'Stand clear of the gates, please'. That was good mock-serious comedy, and so was Robin Bailey's brief lecture on stiff upper lips. Peter Jones is the life of a pleasantly mad programme (produced by Pat Dixon) which suggests that, by and large, life is full of surprises. I surmise that he may have had something to do with the name of 'Irving Plinge' in the cast-list. A younger brother of Walter? When and where did he carry his first spear? How many Noises Off has he been in his day? I would like more details.

So to 'The Inheritance' (Home), its distant view of a fortune that never arrived, its impatient potential legatee—a Lancashire draper who ends with a short sentence for arson—and, I am afraid, its inescapable monotony. The dramatist, John Sommerfield, took as much care with his characters as the cast with its playing, and Frederick Bradnum with his production; but what an embezzling solicitor described (coining a phrase) as a pretty kettle of fish, simmered too far away from us. We were never much excited by the characters, their surroundings, or their hopes as they toyed with what someone in Ford calls 'the severity of Fate'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

How to Read Poetry

I THINK it is in *Tartarin sur les Alpes* that Daudet describes a Swiss hotel much frequented by the English which, in order to make them feel at home, invariably provided prunes and rice pudding for the sweet course; and he goes on to describe how the visitors at once divided themselves into two hostile camps, the prune-eaters and the rice-eaters. Views on the reading of poetry are cleft by a similar gulf, on the one side stand the ascetics, on the other the emotionalists. Generally, but by no means always, you will find the poets among the former, the actors among the latter. It is a matter on which I have violent feelings and so whenever the subject is being fought out I rush bristling into the fray.

The Third Programme last week raised the question once again in 'A poet's reading compared with an actor's' in which the poet was

Robert Graves and the actor Anthony Jacobs. Poet and actor read two and the same of Robert Graves' poems and they discussed their own and each other's readings. James Reeves acted as guide and made discriminating contributions to the discussion. Almost at the outset I was in no doubt as to which side I belonged, even though the issues were far from clear, for there was no denying that the general sense of the first poem, 'Counting the Beats', came out clearly from Mr. Jacobs' reading, whereas Mr. Graves' left me puzzled. But I rebelled violently against Mr. Jacobs' expression. He put into his reading, as actors so often do, a personal emotion which froze my blood. On the other hand Mr. Graves' reading was just a little too desiccated even for my austere taste: it was almost as if he were dictating a telegram. But the very fact that Mr. Graves was reading his own poems made the comparison between the two readings not quite exact, because a poet can hardly avoid a trace of self-consciousness when reading his own work and this may, and in Mr. Graves' case does, lead him to minimise its qualities.

The second poem, 'The Terraced Valley', was, as he remarked, a rhetorical poem and consequently Mr. Jacobs, robbed of opportunities for emotionalism, made a much better job of it. I found this a fascinating discussion, well supported on both sides. For the proper reading of poetry, Mr. Graves insisted on the right accent, the right rhythm, and no expression, and at another point he laid down 'no undisciplined emotions allowed'. The only moot point in his admirable rule is the too-flexible word 'expression'. I think Mr. Graves associated it here with emotion, and in that sense I am all for its summary exclusion from poetry reading, but in the sense of the natural modulation of the speaking voice, and the tone appropriate to the mood of the poem, I think it reinforces rhythm and accent and enables the poem's own emotion to speak for itself. But how well I know from many excruciating experiences how personal emotion superimposed by the reader on a poem is the surest way of wrecking its effect.

In 'North Oxfordshire', the first of six Home Service talks called 'Journey Through Subtopia', Sir Hugh Casson describes what he found in the country between Oxford, Chipping Norton, Banbury, and Bicester. The rather clumsy word 'subtopia' was recently coined to signify the result of encroachments by suburbia on the utopia of the English countryside, and Sir Hugh is out to report on the disfigurements already existing and the successful efforts here and there which have prevented or removed them. He talked to various inhabitants in the towns and villages he visited and included in his report recordings of what a few of them told him. A lady living at Woodstock, member of a local planning society, gave an excellent, pungently expressed account of how they are working to get rid of the Eiffel towers and cats'-cradles of wires, as she called them, of the overhead electric supply. At Bloxham Sir Hugh found whole rows of cottages successfully modernised and new cottages of inoffensive design. On the other hand he came upon a huge derelict, air-force camp still littered with ruined hutting which, as he said, is a disgrace to Oxfordshire. Sir Hugh is an inspiring talker and it is to be hoped that these reports of his will rouse public opinion, before it is too late, to what is and is not going on.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

High Light in the Lowlands

IN A WEEK that has been rather wanting in musical distinction, one event stood out, which would have made its mark against stronger competition. This was the last of the series of chamber-

concerts devoted to the music of Mozart on Thursday evening in the Home Service. The programme consisted of songs and violin sonatas sung and played by Peter Pears and Norbert Brainin with Benjamin Britten as pianist.

Mr. Britten played on a fortepiano by Stein, the Augsburg maker, whose instruments Mozart praised in a famous letter to his father. From it he managed to conjure most delicious sounds, somewhere between harpsichord- and piano-forte-tone, with occasional suggestions of the harp. This was a more successful revival of an old instrument than Ralph Kirkpatrick's some time ago. But he was playing concertos and the instrument had to contend with the weight of a modern orchestra. So, even if this was the identical instrument, the happy result may well be due to its balancing better against a single voice, human or instrumental.

The two Violin Sonatas in C (K.296) and G (K.379) are still, as violin sonatas, in the rudimentary stage, sonatas for clavier with violin obbligato. The pianist leads nearly all the time, less obviously in the later work, and very finely, with nicely modelled phrasing and tone-colour, Mr. Britten led. Mr. Brainin took what chances were offered and for the rest performed with great skill what must be one of the most difficult musical (as distinct from technical) tasks that confronts a violinist—that of touching in a background to the keyboard's prominence.

Some of Mozart's songs, 'An Chloe' for instance, are likewise in the nature of keyboard pieces with voice added. But this is not true of 'Abendempfindung', the most impressive of Mozart's songs, and here I thought the singer occupied himself too much with the declamation of the words—admirably clear and musical indeed—and too little with the melodic line. Mr. Pears also sang the little-known Masonic Cantata for tenor and pianoforte (K.619), written in Mozart's last year while he was working on 'The Magic Flute'. This is not an important work—the ethical precepts of the Hamburg merchant who wrote the text and commissioned the composition were hardly inspiring—but it is an interesting example of the new fashion for employing art to inculcate moral principles, of which Mozart's last opera is the first great monument.

Another event, which must have given great pleasure to his numerous admirers, was the concert of works composed in honour of Dr. Harold Darke, who has done so much for church music in the City of London during his forty years at St. Michael's, Cornhill. Herbert Howells' setting of the Mass was the most substantial work, euphonious and well sung by the St. Michael's Singers under Dr. Darke's direction despite its somewhat over-wrought intricacies. Dr. Darke appeared also as a composer of a motet in the solid English tradition. It was a pity that there was not room for what looks on paper to be the most striking of these tributes—Dr. Vaughan Williams' 'A Vision of Aeroplanes' (text from *Ezekiel*) which once more shows that original mind strongly at work. But, so far, I have had to be content with a perusal of the score published by the Oxford University Press.

The B.B.C. Orchestra, preceding royalty on a Scandinavian tour, has been heard at home from Copenhagen and Bergen, where Sir Malcolm Sargent trotted out those two *chevaux de bataille*, Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetic' Symphony and Strauss' 'Ein Heldenleben'. Strauss' work seemed to be receiving a splendid performance and everyone was obviously having the time of his life in the battle-section, but unfortunately reception from Bergen was unsatisfactory. In the absence of the home team listeners were regaled on Wednesday evening with yet another performance of Mahler's First Symphony, recorded in Germany. The frequency with which this work has lately been produced by concert-givers

and record-makers is a mystery, which was not solved by the good, solid virtues of Hans Rosbaud's rather unimaginative reading of the score.

Listening to 'Tiefland', which has not been heard in this country, I think, since Beecham produced it in one of his early seasons, I found Mr. Keller's timed synopsis a help to following

the lurid events. It was not his fault that compressions sometimes made it funny. The opera, which attempts to present Italian realism (as practised by Mascagni and Leoncavallo) in terms of German symphonic drama, seems to me to fail, not on account of its eclecticism nor because the action is somewhat grotesquely unpleasant, but simply because d'Albert did not

possess the ability to give the characters vivid musical life or to invent melodic phrases that stir the listener's imagination. So it is that 'Cav. and Pag.' survive in the popular repertory, while 'Tiefland', for all its superior craftsmanship, has never taken root outside Germany and even there is not often heard nowadays.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Mozart and Opera Seria

By MOSCO CARNER

'Idomeneo' will be broadcast from Glyndebourne on Saturday, June 16, at 5.40 p.m. (Third Programme)

GLYNDEBOURNE is deserving of the gratitude of all Mozartians for including in its bicentenary celebrations a production of 'Idomeneo'. If this magnificent work is rarely seen on the stage, this is because, in addition to certain problems connected with its production and casting, it requires the spectator to exercise a good deal of his historical imagination if its true stature is to be appreciated—a mental effort never welcome in the theatre.

For 'Idomeneo' is *opera seria*. It illustrates an aspect of Mozart's protean personality as a musical dramatist which is apt to be obscured by his five best-known operas yet which is one of intrinsic importance in the formation of his general operatic style. Threads run from 'Idomeneo' to such splendid things as the Countess's first aria in 'Figaro', the Commandant's music in 'Don Giovanni', the arias of the Queen of the Night, and the priests' music in 'Die Zauberflöte'. Yet *opera seria* was a genre not ideally suited to Mozart's temperament. The type of *dramatis personæ* it brought on to the stage—cold, stilted, and almost superhuman in their exalted heroism, walking on the cothurnus of classical tragedy, more statues than characters of flesh and blood—these were as remote from Mozart, the most vivacious and most human of operatic geniuses, as was the atmosphere of unrelieved high tragedy in which these abstractions had their habitat.

The mature Mozart found fulfilment in other, freer forms whose subjects and characters were drawn from far less lofty but emotionally richer and more varied spheres: the *Singspiel*, *opera buffa*, and *semi-seria*. But Mozart was reared in the soil of Italian serious opera: his two youthful works written for Milan—'Mitridate' (1770) and 'Lucio Silla' (1772)—belonged to this category; and during those five lean years from 1775 to 1780 when no commission for an opera was forthcoming, his most ardent desire was to compose a *seria*. His wish was fulfilled in 'Idomeneo' commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria and first produced during the Munich Carnival of 1781.

'Idomeneo' possesses a twofold significance. In Mozart's dramatic development it marks his first maturity and it is the only one of his four *opere serie* to show his musical powers at full stretch. Seen in historical perspective it represents perhaps the finest late-fruit of a great operatic style which at that period was already in steep decline. In an age which had heard Rousseau's cry 'Back to Nature' and was reading *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Werther*, this genre with its artificialities and rigid conventions was fast becoming an anachronism. And hitting the target from a closer, more fatal, distance were *opera buffa*, the *Singspiel*, and the operatic reforms of Gluck who while originally intending to fuse fresh blood into the moribund organism, in the event killed it stone-dead. (But from its ashes was to rise the Phoenix of 'grand opera', with Wagner and Verdi as its supreme masters.)

In 1780, however, the twenty-four-year-old Mozart still firmly believed in the viability of the old form, and as though to prove it by an act of faith he poured into 'Idomeneo' an almost unceasing stream of the most resplendent music. There is in this opera a volcanic eruption of feeling, an incandescence of passion, such as was not to recur again to the same degree in his later stage-works. From its profuse wealth of ideas he could have derived sufficient material for several operas. Eleven years later Mozart no longer believed in *opera seria*. Written in haste though containing some inspired music, notably in the monumental choruses, 'La Clemenza di Tito' (1791) stands a sad witness to the death of the species. Thus, for a proper study of Mozart's treatment of serious opera we must return to 'Idomeneo'.

Never a revolutionary, he attempted no reform or far-reaching innovations. What he did was to expand its dramatic and musical framework to its utmost limits, absorbing with his miraculous gift for quick and organic assimilation the advances made since Hasse by such composers as Jommelli, Traetta, Sarti, J. Chr. Bach, and Gluck, and adding his own incomparable powers of psychological insight and character portrayal in depth and perspective. It is here where the young Mozart is almost wholly himself. True, to some extent he had to trim his sails to the prevailing wind. He had to take into account the Elector's chief singers, whose principal experience was in *opera seria*. He accepted a castrato for the role of Idamante, he wrote for the singer of the name-part, who was Anton Raaff, a sexagenarian stuck in 'the good old slovenly ways', a great vocal show-piece in the 'langer Geschmack'—the aria 'Fuor del mar'; and he made a few more similar concessions to the current taste.

Yet, for all that, 'Idomeneo' no longer confronts us with merely *prima donna*, *primo uomo*, *tenore lirico*, and *omne hoc genus*, but with human beings with wills of their own, caught up in conflicting emotions and shown as developing characters, not static and statuesque as in Gluck and the Italians. To take a striking example: Ilia, perhaps the most successful musical portrayal of the whole opera, is characterised in three stages of her psychological growth. In the opening G minor aria, 'Padre, germani', a tragic piece foreshadowing the pathos of Pamina's 'Ach ich fühl's', she still is the proud Trojan princess torn between patriotic feelings for her country and love for her enemy Idamante. In the exquisite E flat major aria 'Se il padre perdei'—the richest in the most subtle suggestions of emotional shades and a stylistic counterpart to the Countess's 'Porgi amor'—we see Ilia filled with a sense of serenity and confidence in the King's friendship. And finally the E major aria, 'Zeffiretti lusinghieri', which is Mozart at his lyrically purest, portrays her as woman wholly given up to love. The emotional significance, incidentally, of Mozart's choice of keys is not to be overlooked. Also Electra, the embodiment of savage jealousy, grows in

demonic power when she reaches her third-act aria 'D'Oreste, d'Aiace', a number worthy to rank with Queen of the Night's last aria.

As for simultaneous yet sharply individualised characterisation of the four protagonists at a critical moment of the *inner* drama, the quartet challenges comparison with similar ensembles in 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni'. Part of the secret of Mozart's graphic psychological delineation lies in his symphonic treatment of voice and orchestra and his acute ear for suggestive instrumental timbres, *viz.*, concertante woodwind and horn in Ilia's second aria, trumpets, drums, and violas in Electra's music. And writing for the Munich Court Orchestra, which was recruited from the former Mannheim players, no doubt inspired the composer to that extraordinary opulence, coruscation, and virtuosity which is so remarkable a feature of this score.

In the choruses, ballets, and marches Mozart pays homage to French opera, especially in the great decorative scenes with which he closes Acts I and III. Gluck is recalled in the dramatic choruses of the shipwrecked (Act I) and the terror-stricken populace (Act II) and Gluckian too are the Priests' scene (where Mozart uses with slight modification a figure from 'Alceste') and the evocation of a supernatural atmosphere by means of trombones and horns in the Oracle scene.

The dramatic structure of 'Idomeneo' rests on the Metastasian ground-plan which was essentially a chain of exit arias with preceding *secco* recitative. Out of Mozart's thirty-two numbers no less than fourteen are arias, a fact largely responsible for the static character of his drama as a whole. Yet Mozart following more modern models, notably Sarti and Gluck, writes extended orchestral recitatives, expressing swiftly shifting emotions by means of melodic and (especially) harmonic devices in a manner he scarcely surpassed in his later operas. Tight dramatic continuity, so tenuous in the conventional serious opera, was another of Mozart's urgent concerns. A superb example of this is provided by the finale of Act II where the uninterrupted succession of several numbers of different emotional character creates an effect prophetic of what the composer was to achieve in the famous second-act finale of 'Figaro'.

Can we doubt that for its period 'Idomeneo' was in the late Einstein's words 'a drama of unprecedented freedom and daring... an *opera seria* quite unlike any other'?

The prospectus of the sixty-second season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts is now obtainable (price 6d.) from B.B.C. Publications, London, W.I., the Royal Albert Hall, and usual agents. Applicants are asked to send postal orders, not stamps. The tickets for the first and last nights have been allocated by ballot; booking for the remaining concerts will open on June 18, and will be by postal application only until July 7. From July 9, normal booking arrangements will be resumed. Season tickets may be obtained from June 18, by postal application only, from the Royal Albert Hall.

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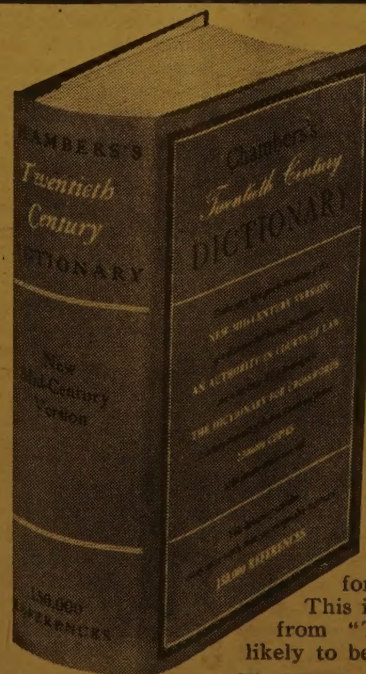


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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

VEGETABLE SOUFFLE SALAD

I LIKE vegetable soufflé salad because it can be made the day before, and it is pretty.

Dissolve 1 packet of lime jelly in 8 ounces of hot water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ a teacup of cold water, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, and 4 ounces of mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper. Blend well with a rotary beater. Pour into the freezing tray, and quick chill it in the freezing unit for about twenty minutes—or until the mixture is firm one inch from edge, but soft in the centre. Then turn the mixture into a bowl and whip with a rotary egg-beater until it is fluffy and smooth. Fold in 8 ounces of shredded carrots, 8 ounces of shredded cabbage, 2 ounces of drained, finely diced cucumber, and 1 tablespoon of finely chopped onion. Pour into a mould, then let it set in the refrigerator. Unmould on crisp lettuce, and garnish with mayonnaise. If this salad is made in a ring mould, it may be filled with tuna fish.

PHILIS GOLD

LEMON CURD

This spread is most appetising and fills a gap in the larder before the fruits come into season for the home-made jams. To make it you will need:

6 oz. of loaf sugar
2 oz. of unsalted butter or margarine
2 lemons
2 eggs

Grate the lemon rinds, pour lemon juice and rinds over the sugar and leave to soak for a few minutes. Then melt the butter or margarine in a jar, or pan, standing inside a larger pan of boiling water, on the stove. I use an old, stone, 2-lb. jam jar because then I do not have to empty the curd out of the pan when it is ready. Add the sugar-lemon mixture to the melted fat, then add your two eggs which have been thoroughly beaten. Stir all together over a slow heat with a wooden spoon, until the curd thickens.

It is not advisable to make more than this quantity, for it does not keep long.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

A. J. BROWN (page 783): Professor of Economics, Leeds University, since 1947; author of *The Great Inflation, 1939-51*, etc.

SIR RALPH STEVENSON, G.C.M.G. (page 785): British Ambassador to Egypt, 1950-55

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MEYER FORTES (page 793): William Wyse Professor of Social Anthropology, Cambridge University, since 1950; author of *Social Anthropology at Cambridge since 1900*, *The Web of Kinship among the Tallensi*, etc.

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J. A. STEERS (page 817): Professor of Geography, Cambridge University, and President of St. Catharine's College; author of *The Coastline of England and Wales*, *The Sea Coast*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,359.

Pros and Cons—IV.

By Duplex

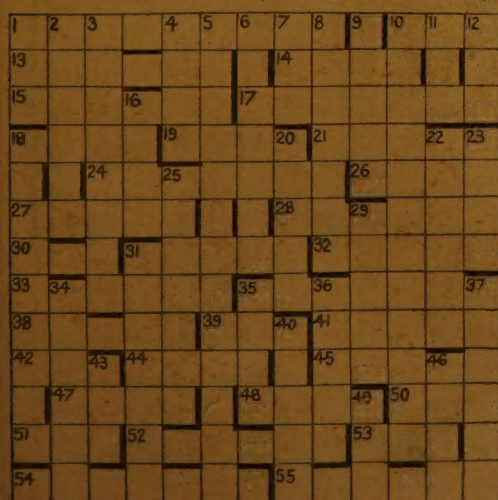
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The missing word in each quotation is to be used to find the light, which is either a synonym or an antonym. The light may not entirely suit the quotation but may be considered (within reason) a synonym or an antonym. (All clues are taken from the *Oxford Book of Quotations*.)

CLUES—ACROSS

1. I say, you ——— beast
10. A little ——— of Harry in the night
13. Spirit of Beauty, that dost ———



14. His fair large ——— and eye sublime
15. To think on him that's ——— awa
17. Which nightly gulls him with ———
18. Contaminate our fingers with base ——— ?
19. Let me not defer or ——— it
21. I thought of Thee, my ———
24. But if that ——— be too great
26. To ——— his array
27. But two are walking ——— for ever
28. The ——— purpose never is o'ertook
30. If you believe, ——— your hands!
31. O ——— thou me from my secret faults
32. Than all the ——— of Ionian hills
33. We cannot ——— when we will
35. a wise and ——— inactivity
38. And our ——— not far from land
39. Visit'st the ——— of the monstrous world
41. By ——— methods ——— men excel
42. So pass I ———, hall, and grange
44. And he tries to ——— you
45. Newton, childlike ——— !
47. Though the ——— in sight was a vice
48. Time's noblest ——— is the last
50. It was a summer's ———
51. On a ——— by a river
52. I can't afford a ———
53. Such is the ——— of Branksome Hall
54. For, though I am not splenetic and ———
55. Innumerable of ——— and splendid dyes

DOWN

1. But be the ——— under 't
2. All great men make ———
3. The great ———
4. The ——— I think of little moment
5. And ——— with youth pass away
6. Still ———, still pursuing
7. In the earthen ———, holding treasure
8. Confound the ———, and amaze
9. and wake in a ———
10. ——— light as air

11. His wonders to ———
12. From her cabin'd loop-hole ———
16. This charm is ——— on the earth and sky
18. Oh, the lovely ——— of an April day!
20. A petty sneaking ——— I knew
22. For to ——— each article with oath
23. And, from the ——— of life
25. Acts not by ———, but by gen'ral laws
29. The sweet ——— of Israel
31. For I'm not so old, and not so ———
34. Fix'd like a ——— on his peculiar spot
35. and the ——— make songs upon me
36. ———, proud world!
37. And go to ——— to dine
40. No ——— shall be wanting on my part
43. What's ——— is prologue
46. Live thou thy life ——— the making sun
49. It's aye the cheapest lawyer's ———

Solution of No. 1,357

S	T	A	S	I	S	W	H	A	R	T	O	N
T	R	I	P	S	I	S	A	V	O	R	D	U
E	U	P	A	D	N	I	N	A	T	A	L	G
I	C	P	T	E	G	G	S	T	C	O	E	
N	E	A	T	M	H	E	L	E	T	O	N	
M	P	R	E	I	D	O	L	O	N	I	S	T
A	L	A	R	S	A	B	E	V	S	N	I	G
G	U	M	D	S	M	U	S	E	T	G	N	L
P	M	O	A	T	S	L	T	N	O	R	N	A
I	R	U	S	A	O	L	O	U	N	G	E	D
E	R	R	H	I	N	E	C	H	E	R	R	Y

NOTES

Theme: 'The Famous Five' of Greyfriars: Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

Theme-words and Variations: A. (Edith) Wharton, (Gert-rude) Stein, (Anita) Loos—American authoresses. B. cherry, plum, damson—stoned fruits. C. Nugent, Demiss, Gladys. D. bull, inner, magpie—target positions. E. Singh, Tripsis, Errhine.

Across: 13. Or-du(cats); 14. Pa due, anag; 19. (student)-cree-s; 21. coe(rion); 24. Hel(lo); 41. I rus(h).

Down: 3. Spat thrice + dash; 7. ava(tar); 12. sigh(t); 18. rev. of rap + amour, and lit.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: A. G. Chester (Cambridge); 2nd prize: J. A. Fincken (London, N.11); 3rd prize: A. F. Toms (London, S.W.19)

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